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THE FAVORITE

VOL. I.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1873.

PRICE } FIVE CENTS.
OR SIX CENTS, U.S. Cr.

For the Favorite.

"LOVE AND REASON."

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

Once Reason, calm, majestic maid,
Thro' bosky gloom of garden stray'd;
A garden plann'd in every part,
To please the mind yet scarce the heart.
'Tis true the level walks, the bowers,
Were gemm'd with all the fairest flowers,
That royal Nature's bounteous hand,
Had flung upon that radiant land;
Where summer kisses summer's lips,
And all the year the brown bee sips,
His nectar from the chain of flowers,
That stretches o'er those sunny hours;
And finds no missing link of bloom,
To cloud his busy life with gloom!

'Tis true the fountains sprang their height,
And frolick'd in the upper light,
The peacock strutted on the lawn;
And gamboll'd there the graceful fawn;
And thro' the laurel bay and myrtle,
There glanc'd the sheen of many a kirtle;
Of nymphs who'd chosen this retreat,
To come and sit at Reason's feet;
To pensive oon her starry page,
And fly the follies of the age.

'Tis true such beauties all were there,
And yet lack'd much of being fair:
The blossoms bloom'd in formal pride,
The fountains play'd in measur'd tide
That which alone the soul can warm,
Sweet Nature's wild, enchanting charm,
From that fair spot had fled and vanish'd,
By cold-ey'd Reason sternly banish'd;
And in that cold and formal school,
No flower dare bloom except by rule.
Love too, 'twas firmly decreed,
Fair Nature's loveliest child should bleed,
If found amidst those bowers astray,
Sacred to Reason's lofty sway.

But to my tale. While Reason stray'd,
All pensive thro' the formal glade,
She saw couch'd lightly on a rose,
Arch Cupid in profound repose;
For o'er her walls of marble white,
In some mad hour he'd wing'd his flight.
With horrent brow and dark'ning frown,
Reason on Love stood looking down;
She rais'd her hand to crush the fay,
When loud a rolling voice cried, "stay."

Imperial thunders in the tone;
And looking up, upon a throne,
Uprorne by eagles ey'd with flame,
Great Jove to Reason's vision came:
"Thy hand restrain great nymph divine
As thou henceforth to men would shine,
In all thy beauties known and blest,
Take Love and bear him in thy breast;
With thy sage counsel him restrain,
And so let Love with Reason reign!"
With mellow'd thunders roll'd the clouds,
Great Jove withdrew behind their shrouds.
The mandate Reason quick obey'd;
And joyous Love securely play'd,
And brighten'd that once formal spot,
Where Reason dwelt, but Love was not!
PETERBORO', ONT.

FEUDAL TIMES; OR, TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.)

CHAPTER XI.

GENEROUS IMPRUDENCE.

Neither moon nor stars were visible in the sky, when Raoul Sforzi and the servant Lehardy set forth from the Château de Tauve, and the darkness of the night favored their hazardous enterprise. At first they advanced at a walking pace, and with the utmost precaution, both of them knowing how much the ladies of Erlanges stood in need of their devotion. The posters by which they had passed



"THE AMBUSCADE."

out of the château was on the side opposite to the position of Tournoll, and they had therefore to make a long detour before coming upon the direct road. The security afforded by this manoeuvre, executed with the view of deceiving the spies, who were doubtless on the watch about the Château de Tauve, compensated them for the delay it caused them.

"Monsieur," said Lehardy, in a low tone, addressing the chevalier, "draw rein and fall back behind me; the path here is not wide enough for two horsemen abreast." Five minutes later he said in the same guarded tone of voice, "Monsieur le Chevalier, have you been struck in the face by a branch?"

"No!" answered Raoul.
"That's strange," replied Lehardy; "I certainly heard the sound of a branch violently shaken. It was your horse, perhaps, that struck his croup against a bush?"
"No, he did not; he has followed your horse, quite in the middle of the path. As to the noise you speak of I heard it distinctly; I imagined it to be a false step taken by your horse."

"It may only have been a deer startled out of its sleep," said Lehardy; then suddenly added: "Silence!—listen! No!—this time I am not deceived. We are being watched. There are people in the bushes near us. Let us stop, Monsieur Sforzi."

The young man and the servant halted, and remained for nearly five minutes motionless as statues. It was Lehardy who was the first to break silence.

"My hearing probably deceived me, Monsieur le Chevalier," he said; "all is still about us. Let us go on."

After riding for about twenty minutes the chevalier and his guide left the path, and emerged upon the open plain.

We have been a long time coming a little

way," remarked the servant; "but no matter—the great point is to have left the château without being seen. Thanks to God, I think we have succeeded?"

Scarcely had Lehardy finished speaking before a dozen armed horsemen dashed from behind an elevation in the ground which crossed the road and bounded the horizon. To increase the misfortune—and misfortunes, as the proverb declares, never come singly—the moon, until then hidden by clouds, shone out brightly, and flooded the atmosphere with light.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Lehardy. "God send that my death may be of service to my mistresses!"

"Lost!" cried the chevalier, in tones that rung out upon the night clear and penetrating as the notes of a trumpet—"lost? Not yet! Courage, Lehardy! Get ready your arquebuse; but do not fire till you are certain of your aim, and rely on my assistance."

"Monsieur, I am neither a nobleman nor a warrior, but I am an honest man and you may also rely on me."

While the two brave defenders of the ladies of Erlanges were preparing for the combat, Diane was a prey to the most painful inquietude. Remaining on the rampart which surmounted the postern by which the chevalier and Lehardy had quitted the château, she tried to pierce the darkness with her gaze. At the slightest unrecognised sound that reached her ears, her blood became ice in her veins, and her heart beat within her bosom as if it would have burst.

But this tribute of weakness, so natural to her sex, once paid, Diane felt herself seized with a feverish ardour, a wild and generous desire to partake the dangers of her defenders; tears of regret, almost of despair and rage, rolled down her cheeks. From time to time she called one

of her servants, and after addressing a brief question to him, dismissed him with an impatience that contrasted strangely with the habitual gentleness of her character.

At length one of the servants of the Dame d'Erlanges rushed in alarm to Diane, exclaiming:

"Mademoiselle, the shepherd Charlot has just come to the château, and asks to be allowed to see you without a moment's delay."

"At last!" she murmured, in a distressed tone. Then, light and graceful as a young fawn, she bounded to the spot where the shepherd was awaiting her.

Charlot might have been about fifteen or sixteen. His wild appearance, and his astonished and timid air, were little in his favor; nevertheless, his small, bright black eyes, never for a moment at rest, indicated more than ordinary intelligence.

Diane found him leaning against one of the pillars of the entrance-hall, his forehead bathed with perspiration. He was whistling the air of a hunting-song.

"Well, Charlot?" she inquired.

"Well, mademoiselle," he replied, timidly, "I've earned the two crowns—I've brought you news."

"Tell me what your news is, Charlot—I will double your recompense."

"Mademoiselle," he replied, concealing with difficulty the delight caused him by his mistress' generosity, "I obeyed your order, point by point. I remained for two entire days and nights in the depths of my hiding-place."

"Well, Charlot, well?" she cried, impatiently.

"For two days I saw nothing," he went on, "except now and then one of the apostles watching the château from a distance."

"But this evening? Have you seen nothing this evening?"

"A thousand excuses, mademoiselle! Yes, I've seen something this evening. About night-fall I saw Monseigneur le Marquis on his beautiful war-horse. He was accompanied by eight armed men, and, as I thought you would not be sorry to know what he said, I slipped out of my hiding-place and glided after him."

"My good Charlot, you shall have ten crowns. Did you overhear the marquis' conversation?"

"Not all of it, mademoiselle; the horses made too much noise, and I could not get near enough to monseigneur. If he had caught sight of me he would have beaten me. But at last, by catching a word here and there, I got to understand something of their conversation. Monseigneur accused his men-at-arms of not knowing how to serve him, and that if he himself took the trouble, he could easily lay hands on the chevalier in the neighborhood of Tanve. It seems, mademoiselle, that monseigneur is in a state of great anger and fury against the chevalier, because every time he spoke of him he swore so dreadfully that I trembled in every limb for fear of seeing the devil appear."

"But the marquis, Charlot, the marquis—where is he now?"

"Behind your château, mademoiselle, on the Roche-Blanche side. He must himself be going to beat up for the chevalier all night."

A cry of anguish escaped from Diane's lips. It was exactly this spot, known by the name of the "White Rock," that, according to her calculation, Raoul and Lehardy must be passing at that very moment. After a short hesitation her resolution was formed.

"Charlot," she cried, "go and tell all the servants on guard to-night to make ready to mount their horses. I myself will go and awake all who are asleep. Make haste, lad! It is a question of saving two good Christians from death."

The shepherd did not require to have this order repeated, but bounded off with the fleetness of a released deer. A quarter of an hour later the court of honor of the château presented a picture of extreme agitation. Fifteen servants, some arming, others engaged in saddling the horses, were crowded together.

Diane, with her beautiful black hair flowing loosely down her back, her cheeks flushed, her bosom oppressed, thanked the most diligent with a gentle word, encouraged the dilatory or the timid with a look, and endeavored to put a little order into this scene of confusion. Thanks to the respect, or, to speak more exactly, to the adoration with which the servants regarded their young mistress, order was established by degrees, and the little troop at length ranged in battle array. Suddenly, Diane, who had been too much absorbed in the arrangements for the departure to have had any time for reflection, uttered a half-suppressed exclamation, and called hurriedly to one of the grooms of the château:

"Where is my horse, René? Quick! quick! Let it be saddled and bridled!"

At this order, profound astonishment, mixed with serious alarm, ran through the ranks of the little troop. Diane turned towards the servants, and addressed them:

"What, friends! did you imagine that I should abandon you in the hour of danger? Heaven, in pity for my loneliness and the persecutions to which my youth has been subjected, has shed upon my heart a ray of the courage which animated during his life my father, the noble Count d'Erlanges. I cannot like him shield you with my sword, I can at least show you contempt of death."

These words, pronounced with an enthusiasm tempered by a seductive modesty and irresistible grace, caused the whole troop of servants to thrill with admiration and courage.

"Yes, come, mademoiselle!" cried one of them, "in the midst of us you will have nothing to fear." Every one of our bottles will serve you for a shield. To save you, we will, one and all, pass through a circle of fire and steel!"

At this moment an apparition, of whom nobody had thought, came and cut short this outbreak of enthusiasm. The Dame d'Erlanges appeared in the middle of the court of honor.

The châtelaine, dressed entirely in black, had an air more grave, more solemn, than usual; an expression of cold severity overshadowed her face. She advanced with a majestic step, and somewhat haughtily, towards Diane, and, in a voice whose calmness was evidently under strong restraint, inquired:

"What is the meaning, mademoiselle, of all this noise and confusion may I ask? Who has given my servants the order to arm themselves? What is the end or object of this expedition? It appears to me that nobody but myself has the right to dispose of my servants. Explain yourself, mademoiselle."

For a moment rendered speechless, Diane quickly recovered her presence of mind.

"Madame," she answered, "your servants are armed to go to the assistance of Monsieur le Chevalier Sforzi and Lehardy, who are in danger of losing their lives. Pressed by time, I thought that I might act without waiting to consult you. Do not withhold your servants, madame, but let them go on their way. A moment lost may cause the destruction of poor Lehardy, of whom you are so fond—of the Chevalier Sforzi, who has so nobly undertaken our defence. The Marquis de la Tremblais is prowling in the neighborhood, at the head of a band of assassins. I repeat, madame, and supplicate you with joined hands to take my prayer into consideration—moments are precious—suffer your servants to go forth!"

The Dame d'Erlanges preserved her impassiveness during the whole of her daughter's appeal.

"Mademoiselle!" she replied severely, "I have been waiting to hear you justify your conduct; I have waited in vain. The warmth you have exhibited becomes neither your sex nor age. What do I see!—your horse being brought? Are you then pushing forgetfulness of propriety to the extent of downright folly—thinking of riding at the head of these men-at-arms?"

"Yes, mother," cried Diane, "but I bitterly regret that my conduct displeases you. You know that I always obey the first dictate of my heart; and my heart tells me it would be cowardly in me not to share the dangers of Monsieur le Chevalier Sforzi and Lehardy. For pity's sake, mother, in the name of your love of justice, in the name of your future repose, do not restrain me, but allow me to follow my first inspiration."

"Enough, mademoiselle," exclaimed the châtelaine, raising her voice, "I command you to be silent!"

Diane bowed her head in silence. The Dame d'Erlanges then addressed her servants:

"One of you," she said, "endeavor to overtake Monsieur le Chevalier Sforzi and his companion Lehardy, and warn them of the snare that has been set for them; that will be sufficient."

One of the servants stepped from the ranks and offered to fulfil the mission. The drawbridge was lowered and the horsemen ready to start, when suddenly five or six arquebuse shots were heard in the distance.

"Oh, heaven!" cried Diane, in despair, "it is too late."

Then, by a movement quicker than thought, she sprang upon her horse, struck it with a whip she held in her hand, and cleared the drawbridge at a bound, crying in a voice of agony:

"Whoever loves me, follow me!"

Before the Dame d'Erlanges, overwhelmed and exasperated by Diane's disobedience, had time to recover from her astonishment, the whole troop of servants had dashed off on the the young girl's track and disappeared.

Mounted on a finer and more spirited horse than the men-at-arms, and her weight offering no impediment to his speed, she was soon separated from her followers by a considerable distance.

CHAPTER XII.

THE AMBUSCADE.

The intelligence brought to Diane by Charles was thoroughly correct in all its particulars, the ambushade planned by the Marquis de la Tremblais was composed of eight armed men.

A glance sufficed to enable Sforzi to count his enemies; for—and the phenomenon is much more rare than may be supposed—in the hour of danger the young man joined to extreme impetu-

ously extraordinary coolness of head. He calculated that, by the three shots Lehardy was able to deliver, the struggle, if not equalized, might at least be rendered possible. He therefore repeated to the servant the direction he had already given him, not to fire until he was quite sure of doing execution.

The marquis's armed men had never expected to meet with resistance; their astonishment, when they saw Sforzi, instead of taking to flight, dash upon them sword in hand, exhibited itself in a certain indecision, of which the young man took instant advantage.

While making his horse rear up so as to cover him, he placed his pistol against the forehead of one of the assassins and fired. The wretch fell dead. At the same moment there was another report, and a second enemy fell to the ground. Lehardy, faithfully following the directions of the chevalier, had used the butt of his arquebuse.

"Well done, Lehardy!" cried Sforzi; "victory is with us! Out with your sword and at them, point and edge!"

This episode of carnage passed with prodigious rapidity; for a moment it reversed the parts played by the combattants. The assassins, cowed by a resistance so unlooked for, put themselves on the defensive.

"Forward, cowards!" cried the marquis, in a piercing tone. "What! six to two, and you hesitate!"

De la Tremblais, who, up to his point, had prudently held aloof, spurred his horse, and, pistol in hand, rode towards Raoul.

"Ah!" cried the young man, "is an adversary worthy of my anger!" And imitating the example given him by De la Tremblais, he plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks and threw himself upon the marquis. This audacity cowed him perhaps, for, taken by surprise, his adversary fired at random, and the bullet passed harmlessly close to his head.

"What will you do now, wretch, that you have only your sword?" cried Sforzi, charging. Alas! he had not noticed the second pistol of his antagonist, which De la Tremblais fired point blank at him. He uttered a yell of rage, a cry like the roar of a lion baited in his lair. His sword, struck by the ball, had been broken in two.

"Malediction!" he cried, and, mad with rage and despair, spurred his horse with irresistible impetuosity against that of his adversary. The shock was terrible: horses and men rolled upon the ground.

While Raoul, partly stunned by the violence of his fall, but still sustained by the ardor of the fight, was recovering his senses, Lehardy worthily redeemed his promise of doing his best. Surrounded by the marquis's assassins, he struck right and left without pause or mercy. Had it not been for the excellent cuirass which protected his bosom, the valiant servant would long ago have fallen. But though his strongest efforts, according to all probabilities, could but result in prolonging his sufferings, and in rendering his death more glorious, it had at least the immediate result of creating a diversion in favor of Raoul.

The valorous young man, though at first stunned, as we have said, by the violence of his fall, speedily recovered his consciousness, and, seizing the sword and horse of the man he had killed, dashed to the assistance of Lehardy. A fresh mishap awaited him; he had hardly entered the *mêlée* before an arquebuse shot, fired at him almost point blank, fractured the skull of his horse, and he was once more thrown to the ground.

A shout of ferocious triumph broke from the lips of the assassins, who believed their terrible adversary to be mortally wounded.

"Heaven has mercy on me!" murmured Lehardy, whose arm, fatigued, not by the duration but by the vivacity of the combat, supported with difficulty the weight of his sword. "Heaven in mercy take my soul—I am lost!" But wishing to make even his death serviceable to the chevalier, he placed his horse over that of Sforzi, who recovered his feet, and handed him his sword, saying: "Seigneur, my strength is exhausted. Take my sword—keep up your courage—and adieu!"

At that moment a voice shouted in the distance:

"Courage! assistance is coming!"

The sound of a horse galloping furiously was then heard. At this intervention, so unlooked for, so providential, Sforzi and Lehardy trembled with surprise and joy.

"Blood and slaughter!" cried the young man with wild enthusiasm. "Heaven declares in our favor! Death to the assassins and traitors!"

Seizing the sword held out to him by Lehardy, and with eyes flashing with audacity, he sprang with the buoy of a tiger on two marquis's men. The assassins seeing the struggle, which they had imagined over, again renewed more ardently than ever, lost all confidence; the fall of one of them, whose horse, as it lay in the flank by Raoul, fell heavily, completed their panic, Sforzi having cloven the head of the overturned ruffian.

Without thinking of retreating, the fight, the wretches hastily turned, bridled and scattered in every direction across the country.

The astonishment of the chevalier and Lehardy, on finding themselves masters of the field of battle, is indescribable; and it was still further increased when they perceived Diane, who, with hair wildly floating on the right wind and seeming like a supernatural visitant, reined up her panting and foaming horse before them.

"Diane!" cried Raoul, beside himself with surprise and delight. "Oh! I must be dreaming—delusion! it is impossible!"

Diane was so completely overcome, either by the rapidity of her ride or by joy at finding the chevalier still living, that for a few seconds she was unable to speak.

"Chevalier," she murmured at length, pressing her hand upon her bosom to keep down the beating of her heart, "you have risked your life to defend my mother—was it not my duty to attempt to save you? And you also, my good Lehardy, I owe you this proof of interest and gratitude."

She might have spoken at greater length, and Raoul would not have thought of interrupting her. From the passionate expression reflected in the young man's face, the deep admiration visible in his tear-dilated eyes, it was easy to be seen that his soul was under the influence of a delicious ecstasy far removed from earth, and bathing in the ineffable delights of an ideal world.

"Chevalier," continued Diane, a charming blush overspreading her face, for doubtless she understood the young man's eloquent silence—"chevalier, do you not fear that your enemies may return? Would it not be prudent for us to get away from this spot as quickly as possible? On my own account, I think."

At this moment an exclamation of terror uttered by Lehardy, interrupted Diane in the midst of the sentence she was speaking.

"Mademoiselle! take care of yourself—be behind you!" he cried.

Before she had divined the nature of the danger threatening her, Sforzi had bounded towards her, and made a rampart of his body. At the same moment the report of a shot awoke the echoes of the night. The Marquis de la Tremblais, recovered from his insensibility, had remounted his horse, seized a light arquebuse hanging at the pommel of his saddle, and, blind with jealousy and rage, had fired at Diane.

"Coward and assassin!" cried Raoul after him, as he galloped off; "I shall know well where to find you again, and punish you!"

When the sound of the retreating horse had died away in the distance, Raoul, who had been standing erect and splendid, facing his enemy, slowly sank to the ground.

"Chevalier!" cried Diane, in tremulous tones; "are you fatigued only—or are you wounded?"

"It is no doubt my joy at having had the good fortune to be useful to you in any way, mademoiselle," he stammered; "for, in truth, I do not feel any pain from the ball which the marquis intended for you, but which happily entered my body!"

"Oh, heavens!" cried Diane, raising her eyes despairingly towards the sky, "will you suffer so noble a young man to die!" And then, in tones so low that they did not exceed a murmur, she added: "If Raoul were to perish, oh! what should I do on earth?"

The servants of the Dame d'Erlanges, whom Diane had outstripped, arrived at this moment on the scene of combat. At sight of the chevalier insensible, the three bodies of the marquis's men stretched on the earth, their admiration was equal to their surprise and sorrow.

Lehardy, complimented and saluted on all sides, deferred until later to talk of his prowess of the night, and employed himself and fellows in constructing a sort of litter, on which to carry the wounded chevalier to the chateau. Eight of the men dismounted and having placed the young man on four arquebuses covered with a cloak, they moved slowly back to the fortified house of the Dame d'Erlanges.

The mistress of the chateau was waiting, with severe looks and clouded brow, the return of Diane, and her sternness was not in the least softened by the sight of Raoul's bleeding form borne across the drawbridge.

"Mademoiselle," she said coldly to her daughter, "you have been prancing about enough for to-night, I think; please to go to your room."

"Madame," replied Diane, in a gentle and submissive voice, indicating with a sorrowful gesture of her head the litter on which Raoul was being carried, "the bullet which struck down Monsieur Sforzi was aimed at me! It is to his devotion—fatal as it has been to him—that I have the happiness of seeing you again! Would it not show odious ingratitude to abandon him so? Suffer me at least to see that all the care he needs in his condition has been taken of him."

"Mademoiselle," replied the châtelaine, in a dry tone, "I could never have believed that a daughter would dare to dispute her mother's orders: Your behavior teaches me that I have too highly esteemed the present generation! It appears that respect for parents has become a barren which youth casts off with pleasure. You cause me great regret, mademoiselle, but determine me to exercise over you my fullest authority. I merely requested you a moment ago; I now order you to retire to your apartments!"

This harsh language of the Dame d'Erlanges, brought tears into Diane's eyes; but she did not yet give up the struggle.

"Madame, my mother," he said, in a humble and supplicating voice, "permit me to insist: Will it not be at least proper for me to learn, before retiring, whether Monsieur Sforzi is living or dead?"

"Mademoiselle!" cried her mother, "your scandalous conduct dishonors you and covers me with confusion! Do you not understand that to exhibit such interest in the chevalier Sforzi is sufficient to give rise to a suspicion as to the purity of your sentiments? Silence, I tell you—and follow me!"

At this clear accusation Diane raised her head proudly, and, in an unflinching voice, replied: "Alas, my heart does not fear the eye of

heaven; why should I care, then, for the opinion of the world? I own I feel for Monsieur le Chevalier all the tenderness of a sister!"

"Be silent, mademoiselle!—such impudence!"

"Thanks, thanks, Diane," cried a voice, which made the young girl tremble with joy and the châtelaine turn pale with fury. "Thanks!—your avowal has saved me—for now—now—I wish to live—to live, that I may for ever love you!"

The voice was Raoul's, who, raising himself, had overheard all that had passed between Diane and the Dame d'Erlanges.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CATASTROPHE.

For over a week Raoul's condition was one of serious danger. It was not until the ninth day that he returned to consciousness: until that time he remained continuously delirious. The inquisitor and odious interdiction pronounced by the Marquis de la Tremblais had prevented any doctor reaching the chevalier, who owed his life entirely to the strength of his constitution and the constant care of Lehardy.

As to Diane, forbidden by her mother to watch over the wounded chevalier, she could but pray to heaven for his restoration.

The first words spoken by Raoul on recovering his reason were of the young girl. Lehardy assured him that she compassionated his sufferings with all her heart, and this assurance did him infinite good.

On the morning of the tenth day, Sforzi was awakened by the entrance of Lehardy into his room. The old servant appeared to be greatly agitated.

"I will not attempt to conceal from you, monsieur," he said, "how much I wish you were at this moment well and able to handle your sword."

"What is going on, Lehardy? Is the chateau threatened with some new danger?"

"I fear so, Monsieur le Chevalier."

"What is the nature of the danger—tell me, Lehardy?"

"I know nothing positively yet. All I can tell you is, that the watch has just caught sight of a numerous troop advancing towards the chateau."

"You alarm me, Lehardy! Hasten to the ramparts, and bring me back as quickly as you can intelligence of what is going on. No; rather help me to rise—I will go myself!"

"You cannot think of such a thing!" cried Lehardy. "A sword thrust through your body would harm you less! I have acted wrong to talk to you as I have done. Come, come, Monsieur le Chevalier, be prudent, and have a little patience. Wait a few moments for me, and I will return to you."

Lehardy hurried away, leaving Raoul greatly agitated. When the old servant came back to the chevalier's room, a few minutes later, the expression of fear which had been observable in his face had given place to a look of a deep astonishment.

"Well?" demanded Sforzi, anxiously.

"Well, monsieur," replied Lehardy, "I hardly know whether to believe my eyes! The troop seen is composed of nearly three hundred armed peasants, with Captain de Mauververt at their head."

"Captain de Mauververt?" cried Raoul.

"In person. He is mounted on a magnificent black horse, richly caparisoned—and, in good faith, he looks admirable. Do you hear the sound of a horn?—the captain is being saluted on entering the courtyard of the chateau."

Lehardy had reported truly. The partisan of Messieurs de Guise and the familiar of the King—Captain de Mauververt, in a word—had entered the Chateau de Tauve, in company with the bandit Croixmore. In proportion to the superb air of de Mauververt was the pitiful appearance of the Seigneur de Tournell—swordless, bare-headed, his breast-plate was fractured in several places, his eyes downcast with shame, and altogether he seemed oppressed by the weight of a boundless humiliation.

"Announce to the Lady Châtelaine the Commander-in-Chief of the holy and royal League of Equity!" said de Mauververt to one of the servants.

Shortly afterwards Raoul's companion-in-arms entered the reception hall, where the Dame d'Erlanges was already awaiting him. Advancing with majestic step up to the great chair in which the châtelaine was seated—who rose at his approach—de Mauververt bowed to her with solemn gravity.

"Madame," he said, "since I had the honor of last seeing you, many events of which I must inform you, since you are interested in them to some extent, have occurred. Will you favor me with your attention?"

The Dame d'Erlanges slightly inclined her head, in sign of acquiescence, and de Mauververt continued.

"You will remember, madame, that when I quitted your fortified house, some fortnight ago, it was for the purpose of going to solicit, in your favor, the support of the Protestants of Tournell. It is needless for you to interrupt me: I know perfectly what you are ready to reply—that you dissuaded me from attempting this proceeding. I admit that; but there are imperious circumstances under which it becomes necessary to oblige people in spite of themselves. In short, then, I want to find the Protestants of Tournell. The manner in which their chief, here present, the Seigneur Croixmore, whom I have the honor to present to you, received my petition was not very encouraging; he declared that I

was his prisoner, and imposed on me a ransom of four hundred crowns; he had for a moment, indeed, the villainous idea of hanging me. This detail, however, is of no consequence. On the evening of my arrest, the Seigneur Croixmore committed the imprudence—it would be too great an exaggeration to call it an act of gallantry—of furnishing me an opportunity of taking my revenge. I did my best, and the chief of Messieurs de Tournai, fallen into my power, finds himself at this moment my prisoner of war!"

"And in what way do these explanations concern me, Capitaine de Maurevert?" demanded the Dame d'Erlanges, beginning to grow impatient.

"The object of these explanations, madame, is to prevent a grave injustice being done to you. I am still indebted to the Seigneur Croixmore, madame; and, as if it is absolutely demonstrated that, if I have been put to ransom, the cause can only be imputed to my desire to serve you, it is only just that you should indemnify me for the loss which my zeal in your behalf has led me to incur."

"In other words, captain," replied the châtelaine, coldly, and with an air of marked contempt, "you demand four hundred crowns of me?"

"Yes, madame; four hundred crowns only. I should be entitled, it is true, to add something on account of the dangers I have incurred, and the loss of time I have suffered in your cause; but I am too gallant a man to enter upon such details. I ask only for my bare expenses out of pocket."

"Your money shall be paid you, captain," replied the Dame d'Erlanges, desirous of dismissing her former guest from her presence as quickly as possible.

The captain passed his hand slowly over his beard, and looked at the châtelaine out of the corner of his eye.

"By Venus!" he said to himself, "this woman is not bad, for her age—a little wrinkled, a little stiff, and not at all pleasant; but that's only because nobody thinks of making love to her. Horns of Saturn!—here's a chance! The thing's worth thinking of. Seigneur de Taveu!—a really good ending to my career! How often one goes seeking one's fortune at the other end of the world, when all the while it is waiting under one's very nose! But I must see Raoul."

Almost before he was out of the reception hall, he turned to Croixmore with a gracious smile.

"My dear friend," he said, "will it be agreeable to you if we settle accounts?"

The bandit replied only by a sort of grunt.

"Good!" cried De Maurevert; "now you are going to show yourself ungrateful. Ugly thing, ingratitude! It generally denotes a shabby mind. Of what have you to complain? Has not my conduct been that of delicacy itself? What should prevent me, if I were not an honorable man—having you in my power—keeping back from you the price of my ransom? Nothing! You have imposed on me, in consideration of my rank as captain—a consideration for which I expressed my obligations to you—a ransom of four hundred crowns. Not wishing to be in the least behind you in gallantry and generosity, I have treated you still better, and—as the Seigneur de Tournai—doubled the sum of my own ransom, making yours eight hundred crowns. The four hundred crowns which the Dame d'Erlanges is about to remit to you, joined to an equal sum, will purchase your liberty. Why, you'll hardly have to loosen the strings of your purse! If, however, you prefer to keep the four hundred crowns paid you for my ransom, I shall offer no objection—the diversion of hanging you will compensate me for the loss. I love to see people hanged!"

"Come, captain," cried Croixmore, "I've no wish to bear ill-feeling towards you, or to put a scowling face on the matter. Your way of doing business is so pleasant, and carries with it such a perfume of gentility, that it is impossible for me not to recognize your superiority. Take care not to fall into my hands again, for I esteem you so highly that another time I should fix your ransom at a hundred thousand golden doubloons!"

The question of the ransom settled, De Maurevert hurried to the chevalier. The interview of the two companions-in-arms was most affecting. Raoul, happy to have some one by him to whom he could talk of Diane, received his companion with evident pleasure. On De Maurevert's side, the affection he felt for the young man was real and sincere, and he embraced him with all his heart. He related to him almost all the incidents of his journey to Tournai—the scene of the meeting of the members of the League of Equity, the means he had taken to recover his freedom, and, finally—a detail of which the reader has not yet been informed—the new position in which his victory had placed him; that is to say, as leader of the revolted peasants.

"And now, dear companion," he said, in conclusion, "there is the Marquis de la Tremblais to be brought to account. I have nearly three thousand men at my disposal; and though, not to cast about the bush, these three thousand men are well-armed and undisciplined, that a company of carabineers would put the whole to flight, I have not the least appearance of being supported by an army; but within a month I shall have so well drilled my mountaineers in the handling of the arquebuse and pike that they will be taken for old troops. Get well quickly, dear companion, and as soon as you are strong again you will not want for

work! And now tell me what has brought you to this pitiful condition. Thunder and furies! if you were not in the wrong, I will avenge you in such a way as to frighten Maître Satanus himself!"

"Ah! secondly and traitorous marquis," exclaimed De Maurevert when Raoul had acquainted him of all that had happened; "we will make him give us full satisfaction for his felony! What you tell me concerning the Demoiselle Diane gives me real pleasure, Raoul. You may well love her; she is worthy of being the companion of a brave warrior. You blush—Come, come—be candid; you have not waited for my advice. I have seen how things were going from the moment of our arrival at the château—and saw at once that the demoiselle looked on you with an eye of favor! Tell me—what do you think of the Dame d'Erlanges? Does it not strike you that her face—if the unpleasance of its expression were got rid of—might be bearably ugly?"

"Why do you ask this question, captain?" "You are quite right. Why do I ask this question? It has reference to a project which is as yet floating about among the clouds in my brain. When I have got it thoroughly clear and distinctly shaped, I will tell you about it. Let us now rather talk about yourself?"

The two friends found the rest of the day passed rapidly. At nightfall De Maurevert parted with Raoul, assuring him that before a week had passed he would hear him spoken of. He then quitted the Château de Taveu and went to rejoin his army of peasants.

During the fortnight which followed the chevalier advanced towards convalescence with such great strides as not only to leave his bed, but to take, every morning, several hours' exercise in the gardens of the château. Diane met him there—accidentally—almost every day, and bore him company in his walk.

Though neither Raoul nor the young girl went beyond the strictest bounds of reserve, they knew—thanks to a thousand ingenious circumlocutions—how to tell all the love they felt for one another. These chaste and infantine confidences plunged them into such a delightful state of dreaminess that they entirely forgot the clouds by which their horizon was darkened. The Marquis de la Tremblais was never taken into account. But this existence was, alas! too charming to last.

One day, after dinner, the Dame d'Erlanges requested the chevalier to remain with her, and when the servants had quitted the room, said, in a severe tone:

"Chevalier Sforzi, hospitality is a sacred thing, as binding on the part of him who receives it as on that of the giver. I learned yesterday, through one of my women, that my daughter, forgetful of all decency, passes, every day, several hours in your company, walking in the garden. I will not reproach you either with the want of dignity or the want of delicacy exhibited in your conduct, in so abusing the ignorance of a young girl brought up in seclusion. I shall be obliged to you, Monsieur le Chevalier, not to enter into any explanation on this subject. My only wish is to justify the harsh necessity under which I find myself compelled to withdraw from you the hospitality of my house, and to require you to quit Taveu to-morrow at the latest."

This unjust and naughty language of the châtelaine de Taveu brought a flash of hot anger to the cheeks of the chevalier, but, restrained by the respect he owed to the mother of Diane, he bowed lowly before the Dame d'Erlanges, and left the room without a word of reply.

As soon as he was alone Raoul abandoned himself to despair. To be forever separated from Diane appeared a sacrifice beyond his powers of endurance.

"Alas!" he groaned, as he paced his room, while burning tears obscured his sight, "am I not justified in saying that I was born under a malignant star? Every time happiness appears to smile upon me, fatefully pursues me with unrelenting cruelty. Ah! why did I not die that night, when, wounded by the marquis, I heard Diane declare to her mother that she loved me? Death would have been a pleasure then. But my destiny is to live and suffer!"

The rest of the day he spent shut up in his room. At nightfall he threw himself, fully dressed, upon his bed, and, after a while, exhausted by the violence of the emotion he had so long endured, fell into a heavy and disturbed sleep. About two o'clock in the morning he was suddenly awakened by hearing a succession of terrible outcries.

At first he thought himself under the influence of a troubled dream; but sounds of furious struggling, mixed with shrieks of distress, rang on all sides of him, and left him no doubt, it was evident that some frightful catastrophe was taking place. He sprang out of bed and seized his sword, a violent blow at the same instant burst open the door of his room, and a breathless voice, which he recognized as that of Lehardy, cried:

"Help, Monsieur le Chevalier! help! The Marquis de la Tremblais has surprised the château!"

(To be continued.)

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt," sighed Jones, the other morning, as he wrestled with his beefsteak, "shaw, and resolve itself into a dew." "And so it might, Mr. Jones," snapped Mrs. Cloggers, "if there was not so much due from some of my boarders whom I might name." Jones did not reply, but continued to ruminate upon the stale, flat and unprofitable uses of this world.

THE WRONG PICTURE.

"A pretty face—a very pretty face, indeed!" I turned the little photograph upside down, held it off at arm's length, and scrutinized it closely with my eye-glasses.

Henry Wallis looked pleased; a man naturally likes to have his affianced duly admired and appreciated.

"So this is the Bessie Armitage I have heard so much of; really, Wallis, she does credit to your taste. A blonde, I suppose?"

"Fair as a lily, with blue eyes and the sunniest golden hair!"

"Ah! well, I must say I prefer the brunette style so far as my taste goes; but then, fancies differ, you know."

It was all very well for Henry Wallis to go into ecstasies about this pallid, fair-haired little Bessie Armitage; he had never met the glance of Cecina Vernon's magnificent dark eyes. What did he know about the true type of feminine beauty?

"As you say, fancies differ," Wallis returned, lightly. "But I wish you would select a handsome frame for it when you go to town next—blue velvet, with a gold rim on the margin, or some such tasteful arrangement."

"I'll see to it," I said, depositing the picture in its envelope, and returning it to my inside breast-pocket.

"You'll be very careful of it?"

"Careful? Of course I shall!"

I aimed a little loftily at Wallis' solicitude, and we parted.

After all, Henry Wallis was better off than I was, for he was securely engaged to the dimpled, yellow-tressed little object of his affections; while I was yet, as it were, in outer darkness, uncertain whether my peerless Cecilla returned my devotion, or whether she secretly inclined towards that fellow, Fitzhugh Trefoul. A score of times I had resolved to set to the question; a score of times I had gone to the Vernons' house with the very formula of declaration on my lips, and as often had the words died away unspoken.

If fate had only gifted me with one thousandth part of Fitzhugh Trefoul's off-hand audacity! I don't think any thing short of the deluge could check that fellow's cool self-possession, an earthquake would not.

However, love inspires the feeblest heart with a sort of courage, and I was a new man since Miss Vernon had smiled upon me. What was the use of doubting? Why not decide my fate at once? Henry Wallis' serene content exercised a stimulating influence upon me. I would fain have been even as he was.

"There is no sense in procrastinating matters any further," I said half aloud, as I walked up and down the unlit domains of my law office. "I have been a doubting fool quite long enough."

"I'm afraid I wasn't a very amiable member of the domestic circle that afternoon."

"I think Paul is growing crosser every day," said my sister, shrugging her plump little shoulders. "Mamma, I wish you'd speak to him."

But my mother, bless her wise old soul, knew better than that. She only looked at me over the rim of her spectacles, and went on darn- ing stockings.

Paul was worried with business matters, I suppose," she said, apologetically. "Paul will do well enough, if you only let him alone."

I went up to my room after dinner, and made an elaborate toilet, but all the pains I bestowed upon it served only to heighten the general effect of awkwardness.

"I've two minds to wait till to-morrow," quoth I to myself, abruptly stopping, with my cravat half tied.

No, I might be a coward, but I was not such a poltroon as that. I had begun the enterprise, and I would carry it through. Moreover, I had had an inspiration. An entirely new and original method of putting the momentous query had occurred to me.

"Hang Fitzhugh Trefoul!" I exclaimed, gleefully, half aloud, though there was no ear to hear my ejaculation. "I'll win the dark-eyed treasure yet, in spite of him."

I opened my writing-case, and carefully took out a little carte de visite wrapped in tissue paper, and tenderly laid it away with a pink alk perfumed sachet that Minnie had made for me once. It was Cecilla's picture; she had allowed me to steal it away from her, with scarcely a remonstrance, a week before. Then was the time I ought to have confessed that I was, I had led the golden tide of opportunity slip away from me.

I drew Bessie Armitage's vacant, Joll-like face from its envelope, and compared the two with a thrill of triumph in my heart.

"Colorless water beetle—limson, sparkling champagne! a pale violet in the shadow of a royal rose! pearls eclipsed by the fiery flash of diamonds!" I exclaimed. "Henry Wallis' taste may be correct and classical, but give me my radiant brunette! These bleached-out beauties don't correspond with my ideal of perfection."

It was a lovely spring evening as I entered the wide gravelled path that led up to the broad porch of the old-fashioned Vernon mansion. Squire Vernon sat there smoking his meerschaum.

"Won't you sit down and have a smoke?" he demanded, hospitably. "It's a real luxury to be able to take a whiff out of doors, after being

shut up in the house all the winter. Or may be you'd prefer going in to see Cecil?"

Sensible old gentleman! he had not forgotten his own young days. I intimated that the special object of my visit had been to "see Cecil."

"Well, she is in the parlor, all by herself," said the Squire, good-humoredly. "Walk in—walk in."

Cecilla Vernon was sitting in the parlor alone, as her father had said, the bright centre of a cheerful circle of lamplight. A bit of crocheted work was lying in her lap, and an open volume of poems—poems I had sent her—was on the table.

Cecilla Vernon was always fair to look upon, in my sight; to-night, however, she seemed more than ordinarily beautiful.

I sat down, and began hesitatingly upon the never-failing topic of the weather. A proposal had seemed the easiest thing in the world as I walked along the drowsy edges of the peaceful starlighted road, contemplating, from afar off, but now that I was facing it, Alpe upon Alpe of difficulty and perplexity seemed to surround its accomplishment. I would have given all that I was worth to postpone the evil day but twenty-four hours—all but my self-respect, and that was imperilled now.

Cecilla tried her best to keep the ball of conversation in motion, she introduced new subjects, asked leading questions, and feigned deep interest in the most abstruse of topics. But even Cecilla couldn't talk on forever, and presently, with a little sigh of despair, she subsided into silence.

Now was the eventful moment of my destiny.

"Cecilla!" I said, softly.

She raised the liquid brown eyes to mine.

"I want to confide in you to-night—have I your permission to speak?"

"Certainly, Mr. Markham."

"I am very much in love, Cecilla; in fact, my heart has long ago gone out of my own possession into that of—"

I stopped, with the fatal lumpy feeling in my throat. Cecilla was blushing divinely! I drew my chair close to hers, with the sensation of a man who has just pulled the string of a cold shower-bath.

"Who is the lady?" faltered Cecilla; as if she did not know perfectly well already.

"Shall I show you her picture, Cecilla?"

Miss Vernon inclined her head almost to the level of my shoulder, to look at the little carte de visite I drew from my pocket. I skillfully stole one arm round her waist.

"See, dearest!"

But, to my horror and dismay, she snatched her hand from my clasp, sprang up, and started away, like some fair avenging goddess!

"How dare you insult me thus, Mr. Markham?"

"Cecilla! how—what—"

"Don't presume to call me Cecilla, sir!" scolded the indignant girl, bursting into tears, and sweeping from the room.

I sat like one palsied. What had I done? Why was the gracious mood of my enchantress thus suddenly transformed to gall and bitterness? Surely she would presently return and apologise for her capricious exit? But she did not return; and after waiting long in vain, I creaked out of a side door, and crept dejectedly home, my heart burning with wonder and resentment. I had no mind to meet the assembled family group; so I admitted myself with the latch key, and stole noiselessly up stairs, where my lamp still burned—the lamp I had lighted with such high and bounding hopes!

I threw off my coat viciously; as I did so the forgotten carte de visite dropped from my pocket. I stooped to pick it up. It was the portrait of Bessie Armitage! And there on the mantel, where in my heedless haste I had left it, was the divine countenance of my queen, Cecilla!

I had shown her the wrong photograph!

All was clear now! Her indignation and resentment—the whole tangled web of mystery was unravelled now; I caught up my hat to rush back to her, but at that moment the clock struck eleven!

It was too late now. All apology and explanation must be deferred until the morrow. And with a disappointed spirit I sought my couch.

Early the next morning I walked over to the old Vernon mansion; but, expeditious as I was, Trefoul had been there before me. I met him coming whistling down the walk as self-possessioned as ever.

"Good-morning!" I said, briefly, endeavoring to pass him; but he detained me.

"Congratulations, my dear fellow! I am the happiest man in the world. Cecilla Vernon has just promised to be my wife!"

I stared blankly at him, and with one or two quivering lips, turned short round and walked home again. My rival had improved the propitious opportunity, and caught Cecilla's heart in the rebound!

Well—so goes the world, and I am a bachelor yet. There is but one Cecilla, and she, alas! is married to Fitzhugh Trefoul!

"Evil of no man," says the apocryphal; as plain a command as "Thou shalt do no murder." But who, even among Christians, regards this command? What is evil speaking? It is not the same as lying or slandering. All a man says may be as true as the Bible, and yet the saying of it be evil speaking. For evil speaking is neither more nor less than speaking evil of an absent person, relating something evil which was really done or said by one who is not present when it is related.

ANSWER TO "DO YOU LOVE ME."

BY MILTON W. HENSLY.

Do I love thee? Tell thee truly
The deep meaning of that smile?
Naught it means but "you are dearest,"
And not "friendly" all the while.

Yet, combined within my nature
So to make all round me light,
Free to all who court its favors
Yet alone to thee most bright.

Do I love thee? Can the glance
That you cherish from mine eyes
Be granted freely to all others
When 'tis thee alone I prize?

And, like lamps that kindly favor,
All that are beneath their rays,
I would be a beacon-bright-light
But to guide thee on thy ways.

Do I love thee? There's a deeper
Meaning in each word and tone,
When it falls upon thy hearing,
And 'tis meant for thee alone—

Not so soft and so enchanting
Aimed to fall on others' ears,
But to wake thy heart to gladness;
Believe me, nearest—still thy fears.

Do I love thee? Mind the pressure
Of the hand that sends a thrill
To thy heart whene'er you clasp it,
For 'tis given with a will.

Meaning always more than friendship,
More than kindness on my part,
You have mine already, dearest,
May I claim your hand and heart?

A MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.

At No. 10, Crawley street, Pitborough, lived Mr. Hartley, the uncle of my friend John Ormerod, who had often spoken to me of the old man's peculiarities, and among other things had stated that as his uncle was a bachelor he expected to inherit his property. This, if report spoke the truth, was considerable; for old Hartley, although he lived in a very mean fashion, was reputed to be rich, and was generally known as "the miser."

Crawley street was not exactly the place that a man of wealth would be expected to choose for his dwelling: it was a poor shabby street in the suburbs of Pitborough, a manufacturing town, many of the houses in which were let out to lodgers, and indeed I believe No. 10 was the only house that was not so underlet; but there Mr. Hartley had been born, and there he had expressed his intention of dying, and there, meanwhile, he lived with one old servant.

John Ormerod was a constant visitor at Pitborough, by the old man's invitation, but the latter with characteristic meanness seldom received his nephew as his guest. I then only to dine with him now and then. No recognized course was for the younger man to remain at some hotel during his stay, where he was expected to entertain his uncle when his uncle was not disposed to entertain him, which was pretty often. I call this a characteristic meanness, because substantially old Hartley was very generous to his nephew, supplying him liberally with money; but it was in these small things, in the giving of dinners and so on, that his avarice seemed to master him; he had no objection to giving money, but grudging spending it. So although Ormerod was wont to laugh at his uncle's eccentricities (behind his back, of course, for he had expectations), he had an affection for him which, I believe, was not wholly interested, and always showed great pleasure when called down to Pitborough, a pleasure which I used to think was in some measure assumed, not knowing then the true reason for it.

In the autumn of the year 18— occurred the events which I am about to relate. Ormerod was away on one of his Pitborough visits, and I was by myself in London, in anything but a cheerful frame of mind; for I was out of employment and, in a word, hard up—so hard up indeed that I was anxiously waiting for my friend's return, in order to borrow a sovereign or two of him, for he always returned with money in his pocket. One day I had dined on a cup of coffee and a roll—I could afford no more—and having very minutely examined the advertisements and found nothing that would at all suit me, turned to the news part of the paper, when almost the first paragraph which greeted my eye was an entitled "Mysterious Murder."

"On Tuesday morning, Pitborough and its vicinity was thrown into a state of great excitement, by a most mysterious tragedy. It appears that Mr. Hartley, of Crawley street, reputed to be a man of great wealth and eccentric manners, and well known in the neighborhood, failed to make his appearance at the usual time in the morning, and as the servant could obtain no answer on knocking at the door, which according to his usual practice was locked, her suspicions were roused, and she summoned a policeman to her assistance, by whom the news was shortly ascertained, when

the unfortunate man was found dead in his bed, murdered in the most frightful manner. Medical aid was at once sent for, but without avail, as life had been extinct some hours. His chamber had been broken open, but whether any money had been taken from it cannot be ascertained, as the deceased was very uncommunicative concerning his affairs, but it is believed he kept his money there. What renders the case more mysterious, is that the door and window were both fastened on the inside; but the police are said to have obtained a clue to the murderer, which they are energetically following up, and we hope in our next issue to report his apprehension."

To say that I was shocked on reading this would be too strong a word; I was startled, but the uppermost thought in my mind was that now my friend would be a rich man; for it must be remembered that Mr. Hartley was a perfect stranger to me, and it was perhaps natural that I should think more of the good that had befallen the one I knew, than of the evil that had befallen the other.

I thought a good deal about the news paragraph that day, having but little to occupy me, and the more I thought about it the more fascinated did I become by one portion of the newspaper report, namely, that relating to the fastening of the door and window. I had always had a fancy, perhaps it was a morbid fancy, for unravelling the mysterious; there was a sort of detective instinct within me, which I was always wishing to indulge, and the strange circumstance of the murderer having locked himself out roused it at once.

There was a fine opportunity of exercising my talents in my friend's service, and I determined, if the next day's paper did not clear up the mystery, to write to Ormerod and offer to assist in tracking the criminal. But that letter was prevented, and in an unexpected manner, for as I sat that evening thinking over the matter and smoking my pipe, Ormerod himself walked in. He was nervous and agitated, and without a word of greeting, plunged at once into the subject.

"You have heard of the terrible affair, have you not, G—? It was in the paper this morning."

"Yes," I said, "I have read it."
"Shocking, shocking! It has quite upset me. I dined with him last night, and this morning—but you don't know the worst—good Heaven, I think I shall go mad with it all!"

"Not the worst?" I said.
"No. They say the police have got a clue." I shrugged my shoulders and said, "We all know what that means—nothing at all."

"It means something! It means this, that they suspect me!"

"You?" I exclaimed, for I was fairly surprised.

"Yes; they have set a watch upon me. I am followed wherever I go. They have followed me up here, and are watching this house even now. I'll tell you what it is, G—: this is a most unhappy business; but the truth is that when that murder was committed I was away from my hotel. I did not return until a very late hour, and that has come to their knowledge."

"But, my good fellow," said I, "that is the simplest matter in the world. Let us go over the circumstances together, and I have no doubt we shall be able not only to account for every minute of your absence, but find credible witnesses to support us. If that is their only evidence their suspicions will soon be laid."

But he shook his head, and said nervously, "No, I can't—I can't."

"Nonsense," I replied, as cheerfully as I could; "bring your mind to it as steadily as you can and you will soon remember."

"You don't understand," he said; "I do remember perfectly where I was, and I was with one person all the while; but that person—look here, G—, I'll tell you the whole story, and then you will see in how unpleasant a position I am placed."

It seems that, in his visits to Pitborough, he had made the acquaintance of a young lady named L—, the daughter of a very rich manufacturer, with whom he had fallen in love at first sight, and that first sight was in church. I confess, that from what Ormerod told me, I was not impressed with a very favorable opinion of Miss L—, although in his eye, she was, of course, an angel. She seemed to be a vain, giddy, thoughtless girl, who, having observed his admiration, gave him a good deal of encouragement. The result was that a clandestine correspondence was established between the two, which had lasted for a considerable time.

He retained sufficient sense to know well that Mr. L— was far too proud and rich a man over to favor his suit, and so was only too ready to enter into this romantic intrigue, culminating in that unfortunate appointment on the night of the murder. Mr. L— was away on business, and his daughter had taken this opportunity of receiving young Ormerod; but as it was important that no one should know it except her own maid, who was the go-between in the affair, it was necessary that they should wait until the other servants had retired before admitting her lover, and hence it happened that he did not return to his hotel, until so late, and suspicion was directed towards him.

"And now you see," he said in conclusion, "why I cannot account for my time. I had rather be suspected for ever than cast the least stain upon her name. She will know the reason of my silence, and that is sufficient."

I knew him too well to try arguments upon him now. I simply made a mental note of the young lady's name and address, and then said—

"And what do you propose doing now? Do you remain in London?"

"No," he replied, "they will think I am trying to avoid them if I do that. I shall return to Pitborough to-morrow morning, and let them do their worst; besides, I must be present to arrange about the funeral and attend the inquest. Perhaps they will warn me not to give evidence to incriminate myself," he added bitterly, "but I must be there."

"Can you lend me five pounds?" I asked abruptly.

He looked somewhat disgusted at my thinking of such a thing at that moment, but took a note from his pocket at once, and handed it to me.

"He gave it to me," he said, "the last time I saw him."

"What was your purpose in coming to London?"

"My purpose was a foolish one," he said bitterly; "I thought you might have assisted me in my trouble, given me some advice, done something, Heaven knows what! Now I will go back again."

"Good," I said, "I will do something. Now listen to me, Ormerod, and don't fly away with the idea that I am a selfish brute. I want money badly enough, I admit, but I did not ask this for myself, as you shall see. The police think they have got hold of a clue, which we know to be a false one, and therefore they are utterly useless for our purpose. They are following the wrong man, and will persist in following him, whereas we want to get hold of the right one. We will leave them to their task, if you please, and I will undertake to do your detective business for you. I have not matured my plans yet, but I know this, that I can do nothing without money, and there it is. At what time does your train leave to-morrow morning?"

"At eight o'clock."

"Very well; I shall most likely go down by the next train, or at any rate in the course of the day, and we shall meet again in Pitborough; but when we do, above all things remember this, that we have never met before. Don't speak to me unless I speak to you. And now tell me all the particulars you know."

He had not much to tell, the sum of his information being as follows:—On the fatal evening he had dined with Mr. Hartley at his house; the old man was particularly cheerful that evening, had given him notes to the amount of fifty pounds, and when his nephew took his leave rather earlier than usual on such occasions, had gone unpleasantly near the truth by askingocularly if she couldn't wait a little.

When he left there was only Mr. Hartley and the old servant in the house. The latter, who was very deaf, slept in the basement, and heard nothing during the night. Mr. Hartley slept at the top of the house, in a back room. The intervening rooms, with the exception of the front parlor where he took his meals, and the back parlor which he called his study, were used simply for lumber. All the lower windows were strongly barred and the doors sheathed with iron, several attempts having already been made to break into the house. I took a note of these particulars, and then Ormerod went to his own room, closely followed as I observed by a man. But I took good care not to show myself, as I did not wish to be recognized when I got to Pitborough.

I arranged my plans that night as I lay in bed, and the next morning was ready for action. The first thing I did was to call upon a friend who reported for a daily paper; he was also a friend of Ormerod's, and I had no hesitation in speaking to him on the subject. I told him I was going down to Pitborough in the capacity of a detective, and should hold myself out as a representative of the press, as that character would give me greater facilities of obtaining information than any other.

"And what paper do you represent for the occasion?" he asked.

"It depends on circumstances," I replied.

"What circumstances?"

There were some of his cards on the mantelpiece, bearing his name and the name of the paper on which he was engaged—the Daily Dart. I looked significantly at these, he did the same, and then I answered his question—

"What circumstances? Well, it depends on your looking out of the window for a moment."

He laughed and looked out of the window, and as soon as his back was turned I put the cards in my pocket. No more was said upon the subject, but he knew as well as I did what had taken place. I saw him glance at the mantelpiece again when the transfer had been made, and where I had left the two cards for the sake of appearances, but nothing had been said to compromise him in the matter.

That day I paid for my ticket with the note Ormerod had given me, and in due time arrived at Pitborough, where I hired a bed at a small inn near the scene of the murder, and called myself Mr. Burton of the Daily Dart.

CHAPTER II.

I found on inquiry that the inquest had been opened that day, but nothing was elicited beyond what I already knew, and the inquiry was adjourned for a week at the request of the police inspector, who said he expected to obtain some important evidence within that time. The only witnesses examined were the old servant, the concubine whom she called in, the doctor, and a neighbor, whose evidence to the effect that he had heard a noise of groaning about half-past eleven seemed to fix the time when the deed

was committed; but the mystery of the closed door and window remained unexplained.

I found there was a good deal of excitement in the neighborhood, not caused so much by the atrocity of the murder, for there was nothing in that exceptional, but by the mystery attending it; and as I sat in the inn parlor that night, I was amused by the wild conjectures that were started first by one and then by another. Chance had so far favored me in that I found I could not have chosen a better resting-place than that inn, as it was a place of resort for many of those who lived in Crawley Street, and among others of the neighbor who had given evidence at the inquest.

I had not been five minutes in the room before I was aware of this fact, for he was evidently proud of it, and was never weary of rehearsing the questions that had been put to him and the answers he had given. "Says the Crownner to me, 'Was you sure it was half arter eleven?' 'Perfect sure,' says I. 'And why?' says he. 'Beccos I heard the chimney just arterwards,' says I. And then they told me to stand down."

This man, John Martin by name (professionally known as Giovanni Martin), who described himself as Professor of Gymnastics, was a small, mild, anxious-looking man, with a little chirping voice; he appeared quite happy at the sudden notoriety that had fallen upon him, but happy in a modest way. On hearing I was connected with the press, he introduced himself to me, with the information that he was engaged at a place of amusement; that he was desirous of distinguishing himself in the metropolis if he could get a chance, but had hitherto failed; and that he would take it as a great favor if I would come and see his performance, when he had no doubt I should be able to give him a good notice in my paper. With that he slipped a free admission into my hand, which he informed me was available for any night; but as I had not come there for pleasure out business, I put the ticket in my pocket without any intention of using it; however I improved the occasion by asking him a few questions, and found that he occupied the upper floor of No. 9, Crawley Street, and his room adjoined that in which Mr. Hartley slept.

That was the result of my first day's experience as a detective, and it was not much certainly, but then my work did not really begin until the next day. The funeral was to take place in the morning, and as soon after that as possible I determined to make an inspection of the room, having faith in my card to obtain me this privilege, and indeed I found it to be a tall man that admitted me wherever I chose to go.

The police, who had hitherto found nothing in the room to assist, seemed to be of opinion that they might do so, for they had preserved it in the same state as at first and kept the door locked; however my tall man unlocked it and I was allowed to look where I would, but to move nothing, to insure which last injunction a policeman accompanied me in the ostensible character of guide.

I soon ascertained that there were only three means of entrance to the room—the door, the window, and the chimney. My first idea had been that after the fatal wound had been given and the murderer escaped, the old man in a state of terror and frenzy had succeeded in reaching the door and locking it, with a vague intention of putting that barrier between him and the burglar, and had then crawled back to bed and there died; but the medical evidence disposed of that surmise, so having ascertained beyond a doubt that the door was locked on the inside, I dismissed that means of exit.

I next examined the chimney, but the register was fastened down with a stout iron bar, and had been so for some time, the servant I examined me; so there only remained the window, of which I made a careful inspection, to the great amusement of the constable.

"You will do no good there," he said; "our people know what they are about, and have gone over every square inch of the room, and I may tell you they don't take much account of the window. Why, it stands to reason that no one could get up fifty feet or more of straight brick wall. The door and the chimney one looks to naturally, but the window—well the thing's impossible, as you may see for yourself."

Seeing for myself was the very thing I meant to do, and I noted two things while the policeman was speaking: that the spring of the fastener was broken, and that about the hinge of the fastener was what appeared to be a piece of tow.

"I suppose there is no objection to my opening the window," I said; "I want to see the height from the ground."

"You'll not want to look twice," the policeman replied, and with that permission I undid the bolt, observing that it worked very easily for want of the spring, and threw up the window. I own I was disappointed, for had hoped to find an outhouse whose roof would have afforded some means of reaching the window, but it was as the policeman said a sheer descent; and he, seeing my blank expression, smiled. Right and left were the zinc water-pipes, but too far from the window for any one to have ascended by them; about four feet below me ran a projecting cornice of brick, about an inch and a half wide, broken away in parts, and scarcely affording foothold for a cat; it seemed to me very rotten, and patched here and there with something white as though the mortar had crumbled down upon it; or the spots might, I thought, be damp-stains; the wall was otherwise unbroken, and had apparently at one time a vine trained up it, as I observed the nail-holes in the mortar. There was a paved yard at the

back of the house, and beyond that a huge warehouse.

"Nothing there," said the policeman as I shut down the window.

"Nothing there," I replied, "and now I should like to inspect the esplanade that was broken open."

This was a plain stained deal piece of furniture, fitted up with drawers and pigeon-holes, and with a sloping front secured with a lock; the marks of the instrument with which it had been forced open were very distinct, the wood being soft; some of those were sharp and square, others jagged and diagonal.

There being nothing more to be seen, I returned to my inn, where I made a careful memorandum of all I had observed, and was obliged to confess to myself that it was not much. The only conclusions at which I had arrived were two, namely, that the entry had been made by the window, and that the chisel with which the desk had been forced had broken during the operation, which accounted for the inequality of the marks.

There were two things that led me to the conclusion I have mentioned concerning the window. In the first place, it was the only possible entrance; in the second place, it did not appear very difficult to bolt it after leaving, owing to the absence of the spring, and consequent looseness of the fastening. The little bit of tow-like stuff had suggested the mode of doing this to me; I supposed that it had been effected by a piece of string passed over the bolt, and the two ends brought outside through the crack between the sashes, then upon these being pulled the bolt would at once be returned to its place and the string withdrawn, but upon this withdrawal it had left the tow-like piece of tow sucking in the joint of the sash.

I was rather pleased with that discovery, but was still as far as ever from the object of my inquiry, namely, who was the guilty man? and the only thing was to proceed systematically. I and the police were working at different ends of the question, and besides my natural desire to clear my friend from the charge, I was also animated by a sense of rivalry that sharpened my wits wonderfully. They had marked down a man, and were striving to follow the clue from him up to the crime; I on my part marked down the crime, and strove to follow the clue from that to the man; in other words, they were working from a theory, I was working from a fact, and very desirous of proving that my system was the right one.

In pursuance of my plan, having now discovered, as I imagined, the place of entry, the next thing to be done was to find out how the murderer could have got there, and this was a difficult question. I made inquiries at the warehouse in the rear, and found that was closed every night at nine o'clock, so that there would be no one to overlook the back of Crawley Street. I measured with my eye the distance from the warehouse to the fatal window, and was satisfied that no one could have effected a communication between the two; I thought of the water-pipes, I thought of the narrow cornice, but could find no solution to the problem, and was getting very despondent.

So the week passed, and I was present at the adjourned inquest. Ormerod was also there, very nervous and agitated; but I carefully avoided meeting his eye, as I feared that in his present state he would forget the caution I had given him, and make some sign of recognition. The whole of the proceedings that day assumed the form of an accusation against my friend, and the police seemed quite confident that they had got their man. The old servant was recalled to give at what time he left Crawley Street, the waiter to give at what time he returned to the inn, and thou came the most damaging piece of evidence of all—a note which old Hartley had received the very day of the murder was traced to Ormerod. The latter, who was now terribly agitated, insisted upon making a statement, the first part of which was all very well, being simply an explanation of how that note came into his possession, it being a part of the money his uncle had given him, but the last part completed the case of suspicion already raised against him—he could not tell the real reason for his absence that night, so he told a lie about it, and so transparent a lie that it was disproved at once.

The verdict was "Willful murder against John Ormerod," and he was committed on the coroner's warrant.

CHAPTER III.

Three more days passed in this hopeless way, and I had discovered no new light. I had paid more than one visit to the house and to the warehouse, and one day at the latter place came upon Martin or Martini. He informed me that he was engaged as a packer there during the day, and reminded me that I had not yet witnessed his performance. I also saw Miss L., and did not fall in love with her; but I resolved that if Ormerod remained obstinate, as I feared he would, I would not respect the confidence he had placed in me, but bring Miss L. into the witness-box, to state what she knew of the matter.

At last, one evening, when I was thoroughly worn out with my anxiety, I thought of my promise to Martin, and determined to have what relaxing the place of amusement could afford me; and that was the happiest resolution to which I could have come, for it gave me the first gliding of the truth.

Martin's performance was on the tight-rope, and very clever it was, I have no doubt; but I confess I am not interested in such things, and was not taking much notice of what was going

on, when some hitch occurred; Martin's foot slipped while he was on the rope, whereupon he descended and re-halted his feet. Those white marks upon the brick cornice flashed across me at once, and I felt that the sudden excitement of the thought made me flush and tremble. However, I soon calmed myself, and set out the rest of the performance—without observing it, however, for my thoughts were otherwise occupied; I felt there was a great difference between walking on a tight-rope and on a narrow cornice against a wall, for in the latter case the centre of gravity must necessarily be disturbed; but I could not then arrive at any satisfactory solution of that difficulty, and had to wait until the next morning, and that morning set my doubts at rest.

I was at No. 10, Crawley Street, the first thing, and any doubt I might have had was cleared up; I saw that the white marks extended from the window of that house to the window of No. 9, and no further. Then I examined the wall more minutely; what I had supposed to be the holes left by the vine-nails I observed with a fresh interest; they extended in an irregular line, about six feet above the cornice, and they also appeared only between the two windows. The inference was at once obvious—he who with chalked feet had crept along that cornice, had grappled the wall with some sharp hook or spike, and thus saved himself from falling.

I had forgotten the second link of my evidence, and it brought me at once to the man, but I still felt there was much to do before the case was completed. I remembered his statement that he had heard groans at half-past eleven, and I therefore assumed that was not the time the murder had been committed; I made no doubt that he had volunteered the statement to make himself doubly secure; that having planned the whole thing with consummate ability, and baffled the police as to the how, he had, to complete the mystery, also endeavored to baffie them as to the when, and had succeeded; but I was not without hopes that this final piece of cunning might prove too cunning, and to the means of putting another proof in my hands, knowing as I did that when criminals volunteered explanations they were pretty sure to commit themselves.

It will be observed that I already looked upon Martin's guilt as certain, and so did; but I had to convince other people of it, and caution was still necessary. I, therefore, rather avoided Martin for the next few days, and made my inquiries very secretly, confining them to two points: where was Martin at half-past eleven on the night in question? where was the broken chisel?

Having observed Martin leave the warehouse one day with a wagon-load of bales, and knowing, therefore, he was likely to be some time absent, I took the opportunity this afforded me of calling and asking for him. They of course said he was not in, and, moreover, added that he would not be back for an hour. So I waited awhile, chatting with the men, endeavoring to learn all I could of Martin's habits, and keeping my eyes about me, for which I was duly rewarded, for I presently spied an empty packing-case with the lid leaning against it.

"Who opened that case?" I asked.
"Goodness knows," replied one of the men, "we don't keep no account of that sort of thing. What makes you so curious about it?"
"Only this, that whoever opened it works with very bad tools. See there."

The man looked, and said, "Ay, now I know. That's old Martin's mark, that is. He broke his chisel some time back, I remember."

"Where is it?" I asked; "I know something about steel, and should like to see a chisel that could break in that way."

"I don't know where it is," said the man; "besides, he had it ground down square the next day."

"Well," said I carelessly, "it is of no consequence; but that reminds me that I want some grinding done. Could you recommend me to a good man?"

They directed me to the man who did such work for them, and I left, saying I would call again for Martin in about an hour, and went in search of the cutter. He was easily found by the directions I had received, and I told him I wanted him to do some work, I forget now what; that I had seen a chisel he had ground down for Martin, and liked the style in which it was done. Could he tell me how much he charged for that? He referred to his books and told me. And how long did he take over that job? He told me this also—four days, I think. "I believe it was left with you," I said, "on the 23rd October, was it not?" "Yes," said he, "I have got the date entered." The murder was committed on the night of the 26th.

Then I bought a bit of wax, and waited until the dinner-hour at the warehouse had arrived, when I called again for Martin, and of course he was again out. So I strolled into the room where I had seen the case, saying I would wait for him, and, being alone, took a careful impression upon the wax of the chisel-marks, with which I went away, and did not wait for him.

This was a good morning's work; but still more remained to be done: I had to find out where Martin was at half-past eleven on that night.

I knew the hall was not closed until nearly twelve o'clock, but Martin's performance was over much earlier, and therefore that told me nothing. After turning the matter over in my mind, I thought that the best thing I could do would be to watch Martin's movements for one night. I knew he generally left the hall about eleven, and stayed in the inn parlor, where I

had first seen him, for twenty minutes or half an hour, and then, it was presumed, went home; but I ascertained that on the night of the murder he was not at the inn, and ascertained it in this wise:—

I was sitting among the usual set that evening, waiting for my man, who had not arrived although it was beyond nine, when I made some remark to that effect.

"No," replied one of the frequent visitors, "Martin don't look in o' Monday nights, he has something else to do."

"Does he go courting?" I asked.

"Not he! He goes over to Marlock to give his mother her bit o' money. He gets away from the 'all early on purpose, and walks over. He's very good to his mother, he is."

Upon receiving this information, I saw I must give up my idea of watching him, and wait until the morning for the completion of my case. I was annoyed at this, for I feared the tell-tale packing-case might be removed, or that Martin might hear of my inquiries and take the alarm. However, there was no help for it, so that evening I wrote out a rough statement of all I had learned, which I intended to complete and lay before the detective as soon as I had got this additional evidence, and then went to bed.

On inquiring the next morning, I found that Martin had left the hall on a Monday night at half-past nine, and that the distance to Marlock was a little over three miles, and this would allow for his return by the hour he had named. Any one going to Marlock this way would have to cross the river by a ferry, but there was another road by the bridge which nearly doubled the distance. I determined to go by the ferry.

I am not usually given to talking with strangers, I suppose I ought to call myself a shy man in that respect, but during my stay at Pitborough I had to make it my business to do so, and I had now to introduce myself to another stranger, namely, the ferryman. He was very loquacious, and it would be tedious to set down all he said during that leisurely pull across the river, so I will merely give the substance of what was to my purpose. He began grumbling at his hard life, and the small pay his labor obtained, "and as if that wasn't enough," he said, "a beastly old barge cum and stole me in the other day, and I lost better nor two days' work by it. The parson, he says it was all through a-working on Sunday, but I don't think myself that had anything to do with it—or 'p'raps the barge oughtn't to ha' been working on Sunday, however."

"What Sunday was that?" I asked.

"The Sunday afore last that ever was. However, as I was saying, on Monday of course no one would work, they never does except me, and so it was Tuesday night afore I got my boat right again, and lost two good days' work."

"And how did people get across in the meantime?"

"They just had to go round by the bridge, on Shanks's mare, and I hope they liked it. I know I laid in bed all day."

I paid that man liberally, and astonished him somewhat, and then I walked on to Marlock. I found this a little straggling village, and there being only one public-house in it, I made sure Martin would look in on his visits, and in all probability take a glass before starting home-wards, so I went boldly in and said, "Is there a man named Martin here?"

"No, but he was here last night."

"Dear, dear, what a pity! Is he often here?"

"He comes in every Monday night."

"Not every Monday night, I think. I understood the Monday before last he was elsewhere." (I am afraid I told a good many untruths during this mission of mine.)

"Oh, yes, he was; that was the night there was no ferry."

"Yes."

"And he stayed later than usual, because he didn't need to catch the boat; it was past eleven before he left, for I remember we had almost to turn him out to lock up, he seemed so reluctant like to go."

There was my case complete.

I hurried back to Pitborough, added this last piece of information to my statement, and armed therewith, and the wax model of the chisel-mark, sought an interview with two detective who had the management of the case. He was inclined to be suspicious and reserved when I first stated my motive in waiting upon him, but I could see, as I proceeded to bring forward proof after proof, that his interest was awakened, and that he entered into the matter with great zest.

"And now," said I in conclusion, "if you act at once on this information you will secure the packing-case from which I took this impression. You will also find, I think, that this man's hook which he uses for grappling the bales in the holes in the wall, and that the money stolen from No. 10 will be found in the upper room of No. 9, Crawley Street."

"I believe you've got the man," said he, "but why did you not communicate with us?" "Because you had got your man," said I, "and that was enough for you."

"Well, it is a beautiful case," he said, and then added, as though he suddenly remembered it had been got up unofficially, "but there was a good deal of chance in it, you know."

On after-consideration I was somewhat inclined to his opinion, I think there was a good deal of chance in it, but that did not justify Ormerod's ingratitude.

The man Martin was tried and convicted, and in the end confessed his crime, so that Ormerod was completely cleared of the charge, and he expressed himself much obliged to me, and declared there was nothing he would not do to

serve me in return; and it was then I related to him the whole course of my proceedings, and even informed him of the resolution I had come to of bringing Miss L. forward, had it been necessary.

On looking into his uncle's affairs, he found the property of such value, and all devised to himself, that he plucked up heart, and made formal proposals for her hand, which were accepted. I think, after marriage, he told her of what I had intended to do. I know that she ruled him with a rod of iron, and was not likely to let him keep any secret to himself; I also know that she behaved very coldly, and to say rudely, to me on several occasions; and that he, poor Ormerod, soon after cut me in the street in the most heartless manner.

That, with a ten-penny note which I am bound to say he presented to me on his release from prison, as an earnest of future favors, was all I gained by this my first and last detective experience.

DINING WITH A DOG-OWNER.

Among the many miseries of human life the *Pall Mall Gazette* avers, there are few more trying than to dine with a friend who has a valued dog of suppliant disposition. The moment you enter the room your troubles commence—the beast declares war by barking furiously. Civility prevents your taking up the poker as a weapon of self-defense, and when at last your assailant is induced by threats or entreaties to retire under the table, he asserts himself by periodically making snaps at your legs, and keeps your nerves on edge the whole evening by his interesting ferocity. The painful part of the affair is that if the dog is small your host ridicules the idea of your really objecting to being bitten by him. Yet small dogs can not only give disagreeable bites, but are often almost demoulacal in the tenacity with which they cling to their victims, as is shown by the conduct of a fox-terrier one day last week, who fastened himself on the head of a fox hanging from the saddle of a whipper-in, causing the horse to run away, and was only dislodged by the jerk occasioned by the leap of the animal over a five-barred gate; and even then the dog followed the horse with the evident intention of making another dash at its prey. This terrier would no doubt equally cling to the leg of a live guest as to the head of a fox, and the incident is worthy of note as showing that only weak-minded and foolish dogs are fit for admission to family circles. Strong-minded dogs, the *Gazette* thinks, be they large or small, however faithful to their owners, are often dangerous nuisances to those who are not honored with their friendship.

THE AIRLESS MOON.

Among the illusions swept away by modern science was the pleasant fancy that the moon was a habitable globe like the earth, its surface diversified with seas, lakes, continents and islands, and varied forms of vegetation. Theologians and savants gravely discussed the probabilities of its being inhabited by a race of sentient being, with forms and faculties like our own, and even propounded schemes for opening communication with them, in case they existed. One of these was to construct on the broad highlands of Asia a series of geometrical figures on a scale so gigantic as to be visible from our planetary neighbor, on the supposition that the moon people would recognize this object, and immediately construct similar figures in reply! Extravagant and absurd as it may appear in the light of modern knowledge, the establishment of this Terrestrial and Lunar Signal Service Bureau was treated as a feasible scheme, although practical difficulties, which so often keep men from making fools of themselves, stood in the way of actual experiment; but the discussion was kept up at intervals, until it was discovered that if there were people in the moon they must be able to live without breathing, eating, or drinking. Then it ceased. There can be no life without air. Beautiful to the eye of the distant observer, the moon is a sepulchral orb—a world of death and silence. No vegetation clothes its vast plains of stony desolation, traversed by monstrous crevasses, broken by enormous peaks that rise like gigantic tombstones into space; no lovely forms of cloud float in the blackness of its sky. There daytime is only night lighted by a rayless sun. There is no rosy dawn in the morning, no twilight in the evening. The nights are pitch dark. In daytime the solar beams are lost against the jagged ridges, the sharp points of the rocks, or the steep sides of prominent abysses; and the eye sees only grotesque shapes relieved against fantastic shadows back as ink, with none of that pleasant gradation and diffusion of light, none of the subtle blending of light and shadow, which make the charm of a terrestrial landscape. A faint conception of the terrors of a lunar day may be formed from an illustration representing a landscape taken in the moon in the centre of the mountainous region of Aristarchus. There is no color, nothing but dead white and black. The rocks reflect passively the light of the sun; the craters and abysses remain wrapped in shadow, fantastic peaks rise like phantoms in their total emptiness; the stars appear like spots in the blackness of space. The moon is a dead world; she has no atmosphere.

TRUE FREEDOM—HOW TO GAIN IT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

We want no flag, no flaunting flag,
For liberty to fight,
We want no blaze of murderous guns
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are pointed words,
The mind our battle plain,
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

We have no triumphs sprung of force—
They strain her brightest cause,
'Tis not in blood that liberty
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's hearts,
In language clear and plain,
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of freedom's cause sublime,
We join the cry, "Fraternity"—
We keep the march of time.
And yet we grasp no pike or spear
Our victories to obtain,
We've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front of wrong,
We have a citadel of truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith
Have never striven in vain,
They've won our battle many a time,
And so they shall again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—
The ignorant may sneer—
The bad deny—but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widow's groan shall lead our cause,
No blood of brethren slain,
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

DESMORO ;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES
FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING-
BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

Well, Shavings still continued in the same delirious state, and there appeared to be but little hope of his amendment.

Comfort's anxious eye questioned the doctor every time he came to visit her father; but the medic made her no verbal reply, but ever sadly shook his head.

The young girl was full of sorrow and terror. She believed that she had no living creature in the world save her father—who had been everything to her that parent could be to a child—and she was dreading being left without either protector or friends.

To be sure, Mr. Jellico was always very kind to her, and so also was Mrs. Polderbrant, but their kindness could never repay her for the loss of her good parent's caressing love—oh, never, never!

Then Comfort thought of Desmoro, and a soft thrill pervaded her frame, as her mental eye presented the young man's handsome visage to her, and her ears recalled the tones of his musical voice.

In many respects Comfort was older than her years, but her mind knew no guile, and her nature was full of feminine softness, simplicity, and goodness. 'Tis true that her life had been replete with hardships of one sort or other—for her father and her had not been long attached to Samuel Jellico's company—but needy, coarse, and worthless as her associations had frequently been, there was no tinge of vulgarity about herself—she had escaped without one impure taint, without a speck that could sully the loveliness of her face and form.

Her recent intercourse with Desmoro had done much towards developing her mind, which, as you may imagine, had been overrun with crude matter, with many weeds and brambles. All the lessons that had been taught, and the learning he had acquired from the perusal of useful books, he had instructed her in. And Comfort, understanding the full value of her lessons, was careful not to forget them.

During the term of Mr. Mackmillerman's engagement at the Braymount Theatre, Desmoro had but little time to call his own. The excellent manner in which he had lately acquitted himself in the character of Romeo, had induced the manager to entrust many other important parts to his hands, hence his hours were all fully employed with tasks—with tasks which he could not neglect. However, when he could snatch a few moments from business, he would fly to the clown's lodgings in order to ascertain his state, and to get a peep at the fair face of Comfort Shavings, in whom Mr. Mackmillerman had become greatly interested.

Yes, the actor saw the precious jewel, and,

seeing it, coveted it as he would have coveted a mine of wealth, with longing, greedy eyes. He marked her talents, and her rare beauty, and he said unto himself, "Some day this pure gem must be mine."

Mr. Mackmillerman was a fine man, and he was tolerably wealthy as well; and, what was still more, he was proud of his looks and his gold; vain of his stalwart figure, arrogant and pompous likewise.

The night was a tempestuous one. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the rain came down in dashing torrents.

Pidgers was crooning over the fire, listening to the storm-blast as it roared down the chimney, when Desmoro and Comfort, attired for walking, appeared, ready to start forth.

Pidgers turned round at the sound of Comfort's voice.

Desmoro and she were standing at the door together, looking out into the darkness, almost dreading to face the pelting rain.

"What a night it is, Desmoro!" shuddered she, drawing her hooded cloak closer about her. "I am so sorry to take you out into the wet: let me go home by myself for this once; no one will harm me, I am sure, and I'll run every step of the way."

"Let you go home by yourself, Comfort!" repeated he. "Indeed, I shall do no such thing! I'm not afraid of a little water, I am only vexed that you are compelled to face this storm. I don't care for myself, I ought not to do so, you know, when you are in the case," he added, with an air of youthful gallantry, and lowering the tones of his voice—of that voice whose accents the girl was so learning to love above all other earthly sounds.

Pray do not mistake my meaning. Comfort's affection for Desmoro was such as she might have felt for her own brother—a pure attachment, which, with her advancing years, might be likely to ripen into a different and more ardent feeling.

Yet I will not say, young as she was, that Comfort was utterly devoid of the natural coquetry of her sex. She liked a pretty dress, or a becoming hat, as well as any woman, and, as far as she could be, she was always especially neat in her attire, both on the stage and off it.

While the young couple were thus standing at the door, about to issue forth, Mr. Mackmillerman's private vehicle drove up, and, at the same instant, that gentleman himself, wrapped in his cloak emerged from the passage communicating with the inner portion of the theatre, and seeing Comfort, addressed her.

"You are surely not going home in this storm, and on foot?" said he, paying no attention to the presence of Desmoro, who kept his place by the young girl's side.

"Oh, yes, I am, Mr. Mackmillerman," she answered, turning her smiling face upon him.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he added, in quite a grand manner; "I must not permit you to do anything of the kind. Here is my carriage—step into it, and I will see you safely home."

"No, thank you, sir," she replied, modestly, as her arm linked itself through that of Desmoro, where it was firmly held, as in a vice.

"How absurd!" laughed he. "You played Ariet like an angel to-night; and I must not have you catch cold by following one of your own coy whims. Come!"

At this instant, Mrs. Polderbrant, in her patens, a huge beaver bonnet on her head, and an immense gingham umbrella in her hand, issued from the passage, and stood behind the trio.

She paused on hearing the star's voice—paused and listened.

"I am much obliged to you for your kind offer, Mr. Mackmillerman," said Comfort, very resolutely, "but I must beg to decline it. I do not live many hundred yards from here—I shall get home almost directly."

The great tragedian bit his lips at this; while Desmoro's heart beat fast and gratefully under the girlish arm that was being pressed so closely and so confidingly to his side.

The wind just now swept down the alley in a sudden gust, and the rain fell in even greater torrents than before.

It was, indeed, a night of fearful storm; yet Comfort was willing to confront the fury of the elements, rather than accept Mr. Mackmillerman's offer.

But that gentleman's intentions were not to be opposed without his showing some resistance against those who opposed them. He could not suffer himself to be balked by this young girl—oh, no, certainly not!

"You shy, pretty creature!" he cried, suddenly encircling her waist.

And, before Desmoro could regain his hold of the arm he had permitted to slip through his own, Comfort was lifted up, carried to the vehicle, and placed inside it.

"No, no! if you please, Mr. Mackmillerman!" cried she, struggling to get out of the conveyance. "I beg you will not insist upon taking me against my will! Desmoro!"

"Make yourself quite easy, my dear," replied a well-known female voice. "I shall accompany you!"

"Oh, Mrs. Polderbrant, it's you!" exclaimed the young girl, in relieved accents.

"Mrs. Polderbrant!" uttered Mr. Mackmillerman, in great disgust.

"Here I am, close at your elbow, my very good sir, ready to accept of your gallant escort home on this awfully tempestuous night."

The gentleman looked aghast as Mrs. Polderbrant, patens, poke bonnet, umbrella and all, thrust herself before him, and entered the equipage.

"Miss Comfort lives at No. 2, Crosby Cottages, Spring Green," added she, addressing the

owner of the conveyance. "Please to tell the driver the address, Mr. Mackmillerman," she added, in the coolest manner imaginable; "and don't stand any longer in the rain, but come into this dear cosy nest, and make yourself comfortable!"

The gentleman fumed and gnashed his teeth in impotent fury. He had been outdone by Mrs. Polderbrant—by the woman whom he most detested.

But he did not let her perceive his rage, his boiling fury—oh, no, he would not accord her so much satisfaction, so much triumph over him—he crushed it all back, and calmly addressed his coachman.

"Prudon, drive to No. 2 Crosby Cottages, Spring Green. Good night, ladies," he added, closing the door of the carriage, and disappearing in the darkness.

"What! are you running away from us, Mr. Mackmillerman?" shouted Mrs. Polderbrant, her head thrust out of the vehicle. "Well, I must say I never met with such strange behavior in all my life! Go on, coachman!"

"No, no; I would much rather get out!—I would, indeed, Mrs. Polderbrant!" said Comfort. "Let me get out, I entreat you!"

"Don't be a little ninny!" replied the lady, in her usually brusque fashion. "Sit where you are, and don't trouble yourself about going any further for the present. We shall get home without a wetting, thank goodness, which is a felicity quite unexpected by me."

The equipage was now rolling along the public road. Comfort was sitting as in a dream, and Mrs. Polderbrant was laughing heartily.

"Nicely tricked, nicely tricked, Mr. Mackmillerman!" she uttered, triumphantly; "tricked by Patience Polderbrant!"

As the carriage rolled away, Mr. Mackmillerman, fuming with disappointment and rage, turned aside and trudged homeward on foot; while Desmoro, inwardly pleased with Mrs. Polderbrant's late conduct, went back into the theatre; where the performance being over, the lights all extinguished, he sought his homely little couch.

Pidgers looked out into the night—which was pitch dark—then he closed the outer door, and drawing near the table, on which a small lantern was burning, he produced several articles, and placed them before him.

The man had on a suit of new garments, and his hair had been recently cut and oiled. Altogether, he presented a different appearance from his former ragged, dirty self.

But, notwithstanding that fact, he remembered that he had failed to draw Comfort's attention to himself—she had never once looked at him; and, consequently, his improved looks had not been noticed by her for whose sake they had been so much improved.

"It aren't of any use of thinkin' of her while I hev' empty pockets," mumbled he, under his breath. "I must hev' a sight of muneey, an' then, I'll maybe be able to get her to listen to me, fur I shall be as bold as brass to her an' everybody else, when I've got the cash to finger. I wonder how many of those five-pun notes the ould witch hev' got, an' wheer she do keep 'em? Under her pillar, I'll lay a wager!" he added, examining a black mask, which he had abstracted from the property-room of the theatre, and a lump of red paint.

Pidgers glanced around the room, at the closed door communicating with the stage, and listened to the splashing rain without.

"That Desmoro chap 'll not coom down here agin; I'm safe enough so fur as that goes. Now fur it! If I don't git her pun-notes, I'll walk out my spite on him, the varmint!"

Then the man took the lump of red paint, and mixing it with a little water, commenced smearing the inside of his hand with it, until his palm was very nearly the color of that of Desmoro.

"My! that'll do!" he exclaimed, regarding his infamous work with wicked satisfaction.

Thrusting his mask under his jacket, he put on his hat, took up the lantern, covered its eye, and stole out into the night, fastening the stage-door behind him.

The wind was still blustering loudly, and the rain was falling in a drenching flood. But Pidgers cared nothing for the storm—he rather liked it at this moment.

He emerged from the alley, and reached the street, which was quite deserted now. From a neighboring church clock, the hour of one was tolled. Buttoning up his jacket, and pulling up his collar (which served to half conceal his ugly face) Pidgers limped along as quickly as he could. Presently he turned down a lane, dark and miry, where there were only a few scattered, humble cottages. It was a lonely could have found his way along it blindfold. Mrs. Polderbrant lodged in one of those lonely cots, and her landlady was an old widow, who was almost stone-deaf.

On one occasion recently, this crafty knave, having been sent on a message to the actress, he had slyly learned where she slept, and all he had in hand presented the dishonest task he to him. Mrs. Polderbrant, but few difficulties to the floor of the dwelling; she had always a great preference to sleep in an apartment from which—in case of danger—she might be able to effect an easy escape.

The man now paused before a lone little house; and, after putting on his mask, produced a bunch of keys, one of which fitting the common lock of the house-door, he quietly made his entrance. All was still within; he could hear only the blustering wind shaking

the casements of the cottage, and the heavily falling rain.

He now let the light of his lantern shine on everything around. A door was in front of him—the door of Mrs. Polderbrant's bedroom. Laying his fingers on the entrance-latch, he noiselessly lifted it, and passed into the apartment, about which he cast an inquiring glance. On a narrow couch lay the actress fast asleep. Her face was turned to the wall, but her regular and heavy breathing proclaimed her state of deep repose.

Pidgers put down his lantern, and drew near the bed; nearer and nearer he drew towards it; still she slumbered on, wholly undisturbed, not dreaming that the midnight robber was by her side. Stealthily he introduced his hand under her pillow. Ha! He had guessed aright; his fingers were grasping a purse, a leathern purse with crisp bank-notes within it.

At this instant, the sleeper turned suddenly, uttered a scream, and started up in bed in a bewildered manner.

"Thieves, thieves!" she shrieked out with all her might, her hands at the same time grasping the man's shoulder.

But Pidgers, who had the purse in his safe possession, was now prepared to struggle with her—to struggle with her to the death for aught he cared. His frame, although ungainly in the extreme, was of great muscular strength. Her twining arms and clutching fingers he but little regarded; and, as for her cries, he knew that there was no one near to hear them.

Presently she fastened her fingers in, and grappled with his hair, which act giving the man much pain, he dealt her a violent blow in the chest, whereto she loosed her hold of him, and fell back upon her pillow in an almost insensible condition.

Pidgers uttered not a sound, but taking up his lantern he lifted up his reddened palm before the eyes of the helpless woman: in the next moment he had extinguished the light, and the place was in total darkness.

"Good heaven!" she gasped confusedly; "that red hand! Desmoro Desmoro!" and then she swooned, and all was still.

Pidgers chuckled inwardly: his base purpose had been effected, and he was triumphant. Heedless whether his victim were alive or dead, he quitted the house, and regaining the street, made his way back to the theatre, where, having washed the paint from his hand, and burned the mask, he proceeded to examine his booty, the contents of the purse which he had just stolen from Mrs. Polderbrant.

Three-five pound notes and some gold! Pidgers was a rich man! How his bleared eyes gloated over his ill-got gains, and how his evil spirit rejoiced at what he had done!

"Won't the ould witch mak' a rare fuss over this job!" he said, within himself. "Weel, let her! She'll double up that proud chap, Maister Desmoro, an' that'll be capital fun for me. Oh, I ha' gotten a 'ed on my shoulders, not a turnip as they maybe think it! Wait until to-morrow! I've fairly hungry a wishin' fur that to-morrow to coom!"

And the ruffian rubbed his knotted hands together, and laughed aloud quite gleefully.

Then he approached the fire-place, and putting his arm up to the chimney, removed a loose brick. This done, Pidgers secreted in the vacant space, the stolen purse with the money inside it, and replaced the brick as before.

"Now, I defy them!" he exclaimed in an undertone, "an' I shall look the ould witch in the face as bold as brass. Yes, yes, I be all safe, all safe, an' I've gotten my spite on him besides!"

So saying, the detestable creature quickly undressed himself, and letting down a narrow press bedstead tumbled into it, and soon fell fast asleep, out of which sleep he did not wake until broad daylight.

He rose as usual, without fear of any kind. He felt no remorse for what he had done—not he! his base heart was still throbbing with vengeful anticipations. He was thinking of how soon he should see Desmoro accused, and dragged off to prison, and of how he should enjoy the sight of his undeserved degradation.

Mrs. Polderbrant long lay motionless and cold, as one from whom the life had fled. When she recovered her recollection she found that she was stiff and sore, and unable to rise. She could remember everything that had occurred—the masked robber and his red hand.

She shuddered, uttered a mournful cry, and covered her face with the bedclothes.

Merciful powers! how she had been deceived! She had deemed him one of heaven's purest sons, and loved him almost like her own! But she had done with him for ever, now: the midnight thief that he was!

By-and-by, she rose, and dressed herself. She was enduring great bodily pain, and her thoughts were full of aching trouble.

Desmoro was an ungrateful, wicked young man, and deserved to suffer for what he had just done—for the crime he had lately committed. She would have no mercy whatever on him; she would deliver him into the hands of the law, and let him pay the penalty of his sinful deed. She felt strangely ill, and she thought it possible that she had received her death-blow.

She said nothing to her landlady of the past night's event, but sat over her breakfast in tearful silence. She was a woman full of integrity and high principle, one who would not hesitate to sacrifice even her own child, if that child had done anything unworthy or wrong. The money that had been stolen from her was not her own! it had been entrusted to her care

by Ralph Thorford, to be used for the benefit of Desmoro, should he ever require its use.

Well, he had not waited until the proper time when he might have received his friend's generous help, but like a villain he had seized upon, and possessed himself of, it by unlawful force—possessed himself of, it just when she was planning to surprise him with a new suit of clothes.

What would Mr. Thorford say when he came to hear of Desmoro's ingratitude and wickedness? Oh! surely he would be as amazed and hurt at it as she was!

She could not eat a morsel of breakfast, she felt too ill to swallow a single mouthful of anything. She loved this young thief, this heartless Desmoro, and her bosom was filled with contending and agonizing feelings.

But no matter what she felt, his sin merited punishment; and what he merited, he should have.

Such were Mrs. Polderbrant's reflections as she sat over her untasted meal.

Mrs. Polderbrant now prepared herself to go out. The morning was calm and sunny, and the birds were twittering gaily after the late storm. She was looking dreadfully haggard, and years older than she looked the day before, and every onward step she took was causing her excruciating pain. But duty was duty, and she thought that she was performing her.

She did not direct her steps to the theatre, as she had at first thought of doing, but towards the lodgings of Samuel Jellico, who was much astonished at her early and unexpected call.

"Are you?" he asked, as she entered the room where he was sitting breakfasting.

"Ill!—yes! Almost dead!" she answered, gaspingly.

He pointed to a chair, upon which she sank, in breathless agitation.

"Bless me! What on earth is the matter with you, Mrs. Polderbrant?"

"I've been robbed, Jellico!" returned she, as soon as she could speak again. "Robbed, and nearly murdered as well!"

"Good heavens!"

"I do not think I have many hours to live; I am feeling sick unto death."

"Can I get you anything—any assistance—you really alarm me!" said the manager, in confused syllables. "When were you robbed, and how?"

She did not answer him on the moment. She was unable to do so.

"Come with me!" she uttered, at length, her hand pressed upon her bosom; "come with me, I charge you. I have a piece of justice to perform, ere I die!"

"I cannot understand, my dear Mrs. Polderbrant. I am in the dark, quite! Will you not explain yourself to me?"

She shook her head, while her face assumed quite a leaden hue.

Jellico rose and put on his hat. He looked much perplexed, and as if he would have liked matters to be explained to him.

"Thank you," she said; "I want you to accompany me to the theatre."

"To the theatre!" he echoed.

"Yes."

"But wherefore there?"

"Ask no questions, I entreat!"

"You do not appear to be able to walk so far," he observed, seeing her stagger to her feet.

"I'll manage to do so," she replied, hollowly.

"Come!"

The manager's lodgings were not at any considerable distance to the theatre, else he would have hesitated at allowing her to go thither in her present state.

Mrs. Polderbrant did not speak a single word more until she had reached the stage-entrance, where, thoroughly exhausted, she sank upon a seat and panted for breath.

Fidgers was present at this moment, looking perfectly unconcerned. He knew well the object of her visit there, and his fiend-like spirit was all exultation.

Recovering herself a little, she addressed the doorkeeper.

"Where's Mr. Desmoro?"

"In the house, marm," he answered, nodding his head towards the passage leading to the stage.

"At what hour did he come home this morning?" she further inquired.

"Let's see, did he go out last night?" returned the man, pretending to reflect upon the question. "I raly dunno whether he did or not. I can't recollect nothin' about it, if he did."

"Think a moment or two," said Jellico, his senses all in a state of wonderment, and longing to have things explained to him.

"I fancy he was out—but I aren't sartin' o' that fact, mind yo, sur—an' that when I let him in I was so sleepy as not to remember nout about it."

"Your explanation is wondrously clear, Fidgers," rejoined Jellico, somewhat severely.

"If you do not sharpen your wits a little, I shall have to provide myself with a fresh doorkeeper!"

"I beg your pardon, sur," said the man, humbly; "but yo see I war tired last neet, and bad in my 'ed bas'les; and if yo war to kill me I couldn't tell yo whether I let Maister Desmoro in or out. I couldn't, believe me, for the rheumatis in the 'ed puts everythin' else out on it."

Mrs. Polderbrant had risen from her seat.

"Ask him no more questions—he's a do!" she uttered, with charac'tistic brusqueness, her accents hoarse, her eyes glassy, and her whole frame quivering.

"Send some one for

a constable!" she added, looking about in a vacant manner.

"A constable!" repeated the manager.

"At once!" was her emphatic rejoinder.

"Shall I go fur one?" asked the man, eagerly.

"Send him—send him!" breathed she, her hand laid on Jellico's arm.

"I'd fitter send for a doctor, I think," he answered, noticing her altered manners, and the deadly pallor of her countenance.

"Let him fetch the constable!" she repeated.

"I charge you to do this much for me, Samuel Jellico!"

Fidgers had his hat on, and was ready for his errand.

"Go!" said the manager, looking greatly pleased.

The man needed no further bidding—he was gone.

"Now, for Desmoro!" panted Mrs. Polderbrant, staggering along into the passage, and pursuing her way to the room occupied by our hero, who was sitting over his morning meal, little anticipating such an interruption.

He started up on the entrance of Jellico and his companion.

There was neither guilt nor fear expressed in the youth's features; he looked surprised to receive such early visitors, nothing more.

"Robber!" cried Mrs. Polderbrant, abruptly, and in withering syllables, her arms stretched out towards Desmoro, who was standing with eyes and mouth agape.

"Robber and assassin both!" she added, slinking into a chair.

"Mrs. Polderbrant—Mr. Jellico!" exclaimed Desmoro, looking from one to the other in utter amazement. "What does this mean, ma'am—sir? Why—"

The manager raised his hands and his shoulders together.

"What does it mean!" echoed she, through her white, quivering lips. "It means that you are a villain—a mean, dastardly thief! Where is my purse—the purse you stole from me last night? Bear witness to my words, Samuel Jellico!" she broke off to say to him: "they are true words—the words of a dying woman! This young villain, his face concealed by a mask, broke in upon me last night, and robbed me; but despite his concealed features, I knew him by his red hand!"

"Mrs. Polderbrant!" shrieked Desmoro, aghast with terror, big drops starting out, and standing on his brow.

"Bear witness still further—he struck me violently; and I am dying from a blow inflicted by his hand!"

And so saying, she leaned back, and closed her eyes.

Desmoro was speechless, and standing perfectly motionless. Manager Jellico was looking at him, perplexed and horrified. At one moment he thought that Mrs. Polderbrant had taken leave of her senses; at another time that he was under the influence of some dreadful nightmare.

"What have you to say to this terrible accusation, young man?" he asked, addressing Desmoro, and speaking in severe accents.

"I—I am wholly bewildered, sir, and scarcely know whether I am asleep or awake," was the reply. "I do not comprehend one syllable Mrs. Polderbrant has said; and how should I, sir, seeing that I am innocent of ever having done her wrong in any way?"

"Innocent!" repeated she. "Oh, wicked young man! How have you deceived me? I loved you dearly, and you have repaid my love with treachery and violence. But you shall suffer for the evil you have done. I will struggle against the dark messenger until I have given my testimony against you, then Patience Polderbrant will close her eyes and take her eternal rest!"

She had spoken this bitterly. She felt firmly convinced of Desmoro's guilt, and she believed that she would be only fulfilling her duty in giving him into the hands of justice, when he would be punished according to his well-merited deservings. She knew that she was dying, yet, even in her last moments, her sternness of character did not soften a single jot.

But it was with pain that she now obeyed the harsh dictates of her honorable nature. She had no revengeful feelings to gratify in this affair; she was simply following the course which she imagined to be the straight and honest course.

While she was lying back in her seat, waiting the coming of the constable, her bosom was harassed by a score of contending feelings. She did not trust herself to look at Desmoro; for she could not help remembering his parentless state, and likewise the solemn promises she had made to Ralph Thorford.

Once, twice, and thrice had Desmoro attempted to speak; but each time that he had done so he had been silenced by a wave of Mrs. Polderbrant's hand, and a sharp request that he would hold his false tongue, and burden his soul with no more sin.

Poor Desmoro wrung his hands in utter despair, confused and terror-stricken. His heart was palpitating wildly, and his breast was filled with many vague apprehensions.

He a robber! Oh, heaven! when, were, and how? How dazed his brain felt, as he thus questioned himself! He looked at Samuel Jellico, then at Mrs. Polderbrant, his accuser; and again he spoke, begging the latter to explain herself to him.

But she was ill—too ill to reply to him; and she took no notice of his appeal, but remained quite silent, with her eyes closed, and her white lips tightly compressed together.

Jellico looked very unhappy. He had conceived a sincere liking for the friendless young man whom fate had thrown across his path,

and he was grieved beyond measure to see him standing in his present fearful position. Of course he could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrant's statement. None who know her thoroughly could ever question her integrity in either word or deed.

He was sitting biting his lips, dreading the arrival of the constable, and wondering within himself how the affair would end—whether Desmoro would be able to clear himself of the foul charge proffered against him, or whether he would be found guilty?

Jellico could not readily bring himself to credit aught of ill against one who had always conducted himself so praiseworthily as Desmoro; who, in all respects, had ever acted in an upright manner, his every act being open as the day itself. The worthy manager was both perplexed and distressed. He was thinking of the disgrace which the affair would be likely to pull upon all the members of his company, and that thought gave him inexpressible pain.

Desmoro now was leaning against the fireplace, his face blanched, his white lips twitching convulsively. A heavy, dull torpor seemed to have fallen upon him. This false and terrible accusation had almost paralysed his faculties, and his eyes were filled with a wild yet vacant expression, which struck Jellico's kindly breast with compassion for the youth's friendless and helpless state.

Surely, mused the manager there was some mistake in all this! Mrs. Polderbrant had always been a woman of eccentric manners—so much so, indeed, that people had sometimes doubted her entire sanity. She might, then, be suffering from some sort of delusion at this moment, and under the influence of a disturbed brain, be doing a great and cruel injustice. Of course, she was wholly unconscious of her condition; she was acting according to her own impressions, and with an idea that she was acting rightly.

Of what sum of money sufficient to tempt a thief could Mrs. Polderbrant possibly have been possessed?

Knowing her salary, and the way in which she lived, Jellico concluded that she could not have saved anything.

Then what did she mean by thus raving about her purse?

Assuredly, there was some mystery in all this, he thought.

But that red hand?

Could Mrs. Polderbrant have fancied that she saw that?

Jellico was becoming more confused, as these mental queries, one after another, presented themselves to him.

At length, Fidgers return with a constable, to whom Mrs. Polderbrant gave Desmoro in charge.

She told the constable that she was a dying woman, and she made him take down her declaration, which she made in a clear and connected manner, which left no doubt on his mind of the truth of her story.

All this while Desmoro offered no single syllable in his own defence. He stood rigid as a pillar of stone. He did not appear to be listening to what was being said by Mrs. Polderbrant; he was apparently quite uninterested in the scene passing around him.

But when the officer of the law produced a pair of handcuffs, and approached to put them on the accused, a sudden change came over him. The sight of those hideous fetters had aroused Desmoro to a sense of his dangerous position, and a thrill of horror pervaded his entire frame.

And now he could speak—now his speech came in a torrent of frenzied words, while his clasped hands were lifted high above his head, in order to avoid the imprisonment of those frightful iron rings.

"I—I am innocent. I am innocent of all knowledge of the act of which I am accused!" he cried, gazing first at one and then at another.

Mrs. Polderbrant! Mr. Jellico! I was not out of the theatre after the performance was over, last night; the stage doorkeeper can prove that fact, prove it fully! Fidgers," he added, turning to that individual, who had not yet withdrawn, "Fidgers, you can say whether I am speaking the truth or otherwise! Speak!"

The man shook his head, and limped a pace or two nearer the door, as if disinclined to reply.

"Do you hear, Fidgers?" proceeded Desmoro, with frantic earnestness. "Speak—speak, in the name of heaven, and disprove this crushing impeachment which they prefer against me!"

"No, they'll mak' me swear to my words; and as I've not sartin' whether yo war in or out of the theatre last neet, I've hould my tongue between my teeth an' say nothin'."

Desmoro uttered a cry of despair, and Fidgers, with a virtuous look upon his repulsive countenance, halted out of the room, and disappeared entirely.

It was of no use; the only person who could establish Desmoro's innocence, refused to do so.

"Here," he said, addressing the constable, and presenting his wrists with a reckless air; "here; do with me as you please, I cannot avert my fate!"

The agent of the law answered not a word, but placed his manacles upon the young man's wrists.

As he did so, the iron seemed to enter into Desmoro's very soul.

"For the second time," he inwardly muttered, glancing at his imprisoned limbs, and shuddering violently; "and on both occasions unjustly," he continued with bitter emphasis, "Well, may be it will not be always thus," he went on, laughing aloud. "One's heart may be warped and wrong until it becomes harder than stone itself.

Misfortune pursue me. Well, let it crush me at once, and make an end of the persecuted Desmoro!"

Then a gust of unbidden tears started into his eyes, for the form of a fair girl had risen before his mental vision, and the tones of Comfort's soft voice seemed to be thrilling in his ears.

"Lost—lost to me for ever!" he exclaimed within himself, the nails of his clenched fingers cutting his flesh. "Oh, my dead mother! from your home in heaven, look down upon your poor, persecuted son! Look down upon, and help him in this his hour of dark need!"

Well, Desmoro was hurried off to prison, and Mrs. Polderbrant, to whom a doctor had been summoned, was placed on a litter, and conveyed home.

She was aware that she was in an expiring condition, and had insisted on being carried back to her own residence to die. She said that she was quite resigned to depart from the world, since the only tie that had attached her to it was now entirely broken. She believed that she was upon the point of death, and that Desmoro was the cause of it. But she reflected that he was in the hands of justice, and that he would be made to suffer for the deed he had done. Yes—yes, her death would be amply avenged.

Meanwhile, Fidgers was rubbing his wicked hands in fiend-like gladness. Desmoro he reflected, was removed out of the way, and covered with everlasting degradation. Nay, his very life was in jeopardy; for should Mrs. Polderbrant not survive, her death would assuredly be laid at Desmoro's door, and he would then be tried for murder, and would probably be condemned to suffer for that crime, for a crime he had not committed.

"Aye, maybe, they'll hang him," cogitated Fidgers, "an' a good job if they doo, I say! A proud stuck-up, as he is! I said I'd hev my revenge on him, an' I've kep' my word—I've kep' my word! I'll goo an' see him, tried, see if I don't, an' I've grin in his face, an' wink my eye at him, an' show him how I hates the vary sight on his foim, smooth mug. I dar' say that they'll be fur bringing of me up as a sort o' witness in th' case; but I knows how to hould my tongue, and when to let it loose agin! I wasn't born yesterday! Noe, I aren't no fool, whatsoever I looks like! I aren't a bit frightened neither! I've got th' old witch's brass, an' this Desmoro Desmoro into a huddle, an' I carees fur no moor, only Miss Comfort Shavins, who'll hev to speak gentle to me afore along! I've brung my game, but I've not yet finished it! Wait awhile, says I; things is goin' on as pratty as pratty can be, an' by-and-by, they'll pr'haps goo on better still! Eh, my! if I hadn't stiff legs I'd donee for joy to think how I've warked my end on Maister Desmoro Desmoro!"

When Mrs. Polderbrant reached her home, and they had laid her on her bed, she sent to the local magistrate, desiring him to come to her, in order to take down her dying deposition, saying that she was not quite satisfied to leave the matter in a common constable's hands.

And the magistrate's clerk waited upon the stern, inflexible woman, and wrote down her statement concerning the robbery, and the fatal blow she had received at the hands of the robber whom she declared to be no other than Desmoro, the red-handed, who was now in close custody, confined in the Braymont goal.

"Yes," repeated she; "Desmoro Desmoro, and none other, robbed me last night, and dealt me my death-blow. I, Patience Polderbrant whose spark of life is well-nigh quenched, who will soon stand before the Bar of Judgment, do swear to these facts!"

Jellico, who was present at the moment looked at her most imploringly.

He stooped over her pillow, and, in a low voice, addressed her.

"Do you know that you are putting a halter about this poor lad's neck? I do not think him guilty; there is some mistake; your sight has been deceived in some way or other. For the love of mercy, recall, then, your words before it is too late to do so. Say that you are not certain that Desmoro was the ruffian who perpetrated this cruel outrage on you—in the name of heaven, leave this matter shrouded in doubt, and do not go out of this world leaving a young life in such a woful jeopardy!"

Mrs. Polderbrant raised herself on her elbow, and fastened her glassy eyes on the speaker.

"Samuel Jellico," she said, in solemn yet hollow tones, "shall I depart hence with a falsehood on my soul? There was no mistake at all. I saw his hand—the hand of the thief, and it was a red one—it was the hand of Desmoro Desmoro."

Jellico groaned aloud.

"Believe you in the words of the holy Gospel?" she went on. "Are we not told in that blood should be paid for with blood? Let it be so now—let it be so now!" she added, sinking back upon her pillow, the heavy death-dew on her brow. "I have only performed my duty in this wicked business. Justice must be done!"

"Without an atom of mercy?" asked he.

"Let me sue to you for this poor young man?" he continued, entreatingly. "How would you be if He who is at the top of judgment should but judge you as you are? Oh, think on that, and mercy will then breathe within your lips like one new-made!"

Alas, Jellico's beautiful quotation was lost! Patience Polderbrant's ears were deaf, and her breath was quenched for evermore.

(To be continued.)

How to arrive at the height of a church steeple on a hot day.—Fiddlers.

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THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1878.

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ANOTHER NEW STORY.

We are pleased to be able to announce that we have made arrangements with the world renowned author

MISS M. E. BRADDON

for the production here, simultaneously with its appearance in London, of her new serial story,

PUBLICANS AND

SINNERS

which will be commenced in an early number, and be handsomely

ILLUSTRATED BY OUR ARTIST.

Miss Braddon's reputation as an author is too well established to need any comment from us. Those of our readers who have had the pleasure of enjoying "Lady Audley's Secret," "To the Bitter End," "The Outcasts," or any of her other works will, no doubt, be glad of an opportunity to peruse her latest production as speedily as it is written.

ALMOST A HORROR.

About six o'clock on the evening of 13th inst., as the steamer *L. Renaud* was attempting to run the Lachine Rapids she struck a rock a few yards from the main pitch of the rapids, and near the Isle au Heron. She had about 150 passengers on board and a full cargo. Her position was an exceedingly dangerous one, and the passengers were in imminent peril for some time, it being five o'clock in the morning before they could all be landed on Heron Island. Fortunately no lives were lost, but several persons were very badly scalded by the escape of steam as the water rushed in and extinguished the fires. The cargo is partially damaged, and the vessel will probably be a total wreck, as it is almost impossible to get her off, and she will have to be broken up where she lies. It is almost miraculous that no lives were lost; a few yards further on, and destruction would have been almost inevitable. The frequent recurrence of these accidents in the Lachine rapids and the yearly records of deaths by small boats being caught in the rush of water and dashed against the rocks, leads us to think whether it is not the duty of the Government to call in the aid of modern science and endeavor to devise a means of making the descent of the St. Lawrence somewhat less dangerous than it is at present. It is not possible to remove the rapids, but it is possible by a series of tor-

pedo explosions and blastings to remove most of the dangerous rocks and make the channel wider and straighter, thus very greatly reducing the risk to human life now run. It is a subject well worth the attention of Government, and if the proper authorities are too slow to act, we believe it would be a paying investment for the steamboat companies running between Montreal and Upper Canadian ports to take the matter in their own hands and bear the expense of the work between them.

COLLIERY CATASTROPHE.

A terrible catastrophe occurred at the Drummond colliery, Pictou, N.S., on 13th inst., by which 59 men lost their lives. At that time the mine was found to be on fire in the beds worked by a man named Robert McLeod, who had, contrary to orders, been blasting with gunpowder. The mine is noted for its rapid accumulation of gas, and the use of powder had been forbidden on the level on which McLeod worked. It appears that he fired three blasts, the first two of which—according to the opinion of the Inspector of Mines—served to free the gas, and the third set it on fire. The names of the unfortunate victims are James Dunn, manager, Philip Dunn, John Dunn, Thomas Glenwright and Joseph Richardson, underground managers; John Bowen, gaffer; E. Burns, George Burns, John Emery, Kenneth Cameon, Archibald Cameron, John Elliott, Robert Duncan, Colin McLeod, John Sinclair, James Cummings, T. Howitt, J. McKitchen, Alex. Purvis, jun.; James McPherson, jun.; John McKelvie, John McKelvie, jun., James Ramsay, D. MacBae, D. Shaw, John Fraser, D. Halliday, D. McNe, Hugh Gilles, J. Campbell, Samuel Hall, Donald McDonald, John McDonald, Duncan McDonald, John McDorald, W. O'Brien, H. Freeman, J. McNeill, S. Nicholson, H. McGilvray, M. McDonald, A. Guy, Angus Smith, J. Ellis, Mat. Doyle, Matthew Morin, Frederick Jones, J. Webb (colored), Alex. Eal (colored), J. Delaney, Alex. McDonald, St. George Stewart, Finlay Stewart, W. Rogers, Andrew Fraser, Alexander Murray, H. Campbell, Colin McConal. In all, 59. Robert McLeod is very seriously injured and not expected to live. An inquest was held on the body of John Dunn, which had been recovered, and the following verdict returned: "That the said John Dunn came to his death on the 13th inst. by an explosion of gas in the Drummond colliery, caused by derangement of the ventilation of the mine arising from fire in Robert McLeod's bord. Consider that care was exhibited in the management of the mine, but, express their regret that powder was permitted to be used in the bords worked by Robert McLeod." The mine burned steadily for over three days, and is almost an entire ruin, the flames from the air shafts, according to some accounts, reached almost 100 feet in height, and great fears were at one time entertained that the fire would communicate to the adjoining Acadia mine, but fortunately did not. The scene during the burning is described as terrible. About one half of the lost men were married; and the frantic cries of their wives and children were heart-rending. The plucky conduct of Mr. James Dunn, the manager, in descending into the mine after the first explosion is highly praised; hardly had he reached the bottom when the second explosion took place, and his life was sacrificed. The verdict of the jury is hardly satisfactory, as the evidence at the inquest showed some carelessness on the part of the management. The use of powder in McLeod's bord was forbidden, yet his brother, who worked with him, testified that powder was always used, surely it was somebody's business to see that the regulations were enforced, and we think that the jury might have employed part of their time to advantage in ascertaining whose duty it was to see that the rules of the mine were carried out, and how his duty was performed. Workmen are pro-

verbially careless, and when a rule is made with reference to their safety it frequently needs a great deal of supervision to ensure its being carried out, especially if it involves the slightest additional trouble. We are constantly being shocked by accounts of "Another Colliery Disaster," and we are getting sick of the stereotyped "nobody to blame" verdict, as in most cases somebody is to blame, and it is the duty of the coroner's jury to find out who that somebody is.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to J. A. Phillips, Editor FAVORITE.

BILLY BUTTON, Quebec, wants to know the meaning of the term "Cock of the walk." Game cocks used to be trained in places called "walks" hence the derivation of the term as applied to the best fighter.

SUFFERER, Kingston, wants a cure for toothache. We don't much fancy infringing on the rights of the Dental Faculty, but we believe that equal portions of alum and common salt, pulverised, will prove a very speedy and complete remedy, dip a piece of wet cotton into the mixture and place it in the tooth, it will give almost instant relief.

A VOLUNTEER, writing from Hamilton, asks whether it is the correct thing for members of volunteer corps to wear their shooting medals at public balls and assemblies. It certainly is not. Anyone doing such a thing evinces great want of taste and gross ignorance of the proprieties. In Montreal, not very long ago, some unfortunate delinquents drew upon themselves a storm of abuse and ridicule by appearing at a Vice-regal Reception with their shooting badges displayed on their manly breasts.

TAVERN-KEEPER, Montreal.—The Five Ails was at one time a very common tavern-sign in England. It consisted of five human figures, each accompanied by a motto. The first was a king, in full regalia, with the legend, "I govern all;" the second, a bishop in pontificals, with the motto, "I pray for all;" the third, a lawyer in his gown, with the motto, "I plead for all;" the fourth, a soldier in regimentals, with the motto, "I fight for all;" and the fifth, a poor countryman with scythe and rake, having for motto, "I pay for all."

O. W., Guelph, asks: "Can you tell me who is really the author of the lines,

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Twere folly to be wise,"

I have heard them ascribed to half a dozen or more writers." You will find the quotation you mention in Gray's Ode to Eton College. You are not the first one who has been puzzled to find its true origin. Some years ago this question used to be a favorite "stumper" with the English Literature Examiners for the East India Civil Service "Primary."

ORZO, Toronto, writes us a whining, pining letter complaining of the conduct of a young lady who has jilted him, and asking our advice as to the course he should pursue. Such advice is easy to give. You may consider yourself fortunate in your escape. The lady in question can hardly be worth the trouble you have given yourself about her. Remember Sir Phillip Sidney's lines,

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be!"

and try again. There is a proverb about the relative merits of fish caught and uncaught which exactly suits your case.

H. Y., Lennoxville, wishes to know what was the exact sense of the Pythagorean creed as respecting the Dully. In a work by Godfrey Higgins on "The Celtic Druids," the creed is quoted as follows: "God is neither the object of sense nor subject to passion, but invisible, only intelligible, and supremely intelligent. In His body He is like the light and in His soul resembles truth. He is the universal spirit that pervades and diffuses itself all over nature. All beings receive their life from Him. There is but One only God, who is not, as some are apt to imagine, seated above the world beyond the orb of the universe; but being Himself all in all, He sees all the beings that fill His immensity, the only principle, the light of heaven, the Father of all. He produces everything. He orders and disposes everything; He is the reason, the life, and the motion of all beings."

Several letters are unavoidably left over for answer next week.

A DISPATCH from Yreka says the Modocs are in another rocky fortress which they are making still stronger. The troops will not attack them before the arrival of reinforcements. The new position is about 20 miles south of the last stronghold. Burgess has seen Bogus Charlie on Upper Klamath, who said he knew nothing about the contemplated massacre of the Commission, and that there were 30 Modocs who would fight until the last man was killed.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE Czar will visit the Vienna Exhibition. SEVERAL reverses to the Carlist arms are reported.

THE London Observer states that general elections will be held next spring.

THE Military Governor of Paris has forbidden the sale of the *Journal des Debat*.

THE number of visitors to the Vienna exhibition daily was between 12,000 and 16,000.

JOHN STUART Mill died at Avignon on the 9th inst. The news reached London at 3 p.m.

THE Modocs have again attacked the United States troops, and killed or wounded a dozen men.

LOCOMOTIVES are now running over 18 miles of the River du Loup Railway from Fredericton north.

It is reported that a *levée en masse* would be ordered by the Khan to resist the Russian invasion.

FRANCE will continue to support England in her efforts to suppress the slave trade on the east coast of Africa.

BIRKBECK, the forger, has left Cuba for England in charge of detectives. It is said he will turn State's evidence.

THE news comes from India that Admiral Cumming's has been ordered to Zanzibar, there to await further instructions.

It is rumored in Paris that there is a combination to unseat President Thiers and nominate the Duke d'Aumale to his place.

THE Roman police have arrested several persons for participating in the riotous demonstrations in favor of the abolition of religious corporations.

THE Pope is reported to be very feeble and to have had a fainting fit, which lasted an hour. Later reports represent his condition as still worse.

BLADLAUGH, the English Republican, goes to Madrid with an address, and Gambetta will meet him at Limoges and they will journey together.

A WRIT of error has been granted in the Stokes' case, on the understanding that the case will go at once before the Court of Appeals, now in Session.

THE official enquiry into the loss of the *Atlantic* was opened on Saturday at Liverpool. The enquiry was chiefly as to her victimizing and the alleged insufficiency of coal.

A FEARFUL explosion occurred in Drummond Colliery, Pictou County, Nova Scotia, by which the manager, Mr. Dunn, his assistant, and sixty miners, have lost their lives.

THE representative of Spain has, it is reported, asked Lord Granville to take proceedings against the Carlist Committee in London, who are collecting money to assist in prosecuting the war.

THE Esquimaux children rescued with the party from the *Polaris* created an immense sensation when they landed in Boston, and were carried through the streets by some of the leading citizens.

FINANCIAL circles continued very much disturbed on the Continent of Europe, owing to the crisis in Vienna. Prussia proposes to invest part of the war indemnity in stock, to relieve the market, and Austria suspends the Bank Act.

THE Khivose are entrenching themselves and have sent a force to meet the advancing Russians. A skirmish between the latter and a band of Turcomans resulted in an easy victory for the Muscovites who captured a great number of camels.

QUITE A MISTAKE.

It is chiefly in country villages that the old substantial belief in good strong doses of medicine, and many of them, holds force. In the cities there are weak-minded triflers with tiny homoeopathic globules, with all sorts of baths, and "Health Lifts," and changings of air; and the metropolitan mother generally thinks twice before she inflicts the bitterness of rhubarb or the despatch of castor-oil upon her infants. Not so in rural shades. There the traditions of stern and allopathic ancestors are still honored. A touching instance of this feeling was lately revealed in a distant village. The excellent orthodox parents of a young family returned from church one evening in time to hear one of their children uttering sounds which seemed to them to forebode croup. Seizing a lamp and the most unpleasant medicine they had in the house they hurried to the room where three small boys had wrapped the draperies of their couches about them. Having a natural distaste for medicine not one of the three would acknowledge that he had the slightest acquaintance with croup. With faith in their ears, their duty, and their medicine, the anxious parents held the first boy they could catch and administered the dreadful dose. They then retired from the sad scene, and it was not until the next morning that they discovered the cause of the gasping, and insane howls of laughter which were audible from the invalid's chamber after their disappearance. 'Twas only that the boy who had the medicine and the boy who had the croup were two distinct and separate boys!

FLORENCE CARR.
A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

Five years' penal servitude. The words came upon William Bolton like a blow from a sledge hammer, and he fell down in the dock, like a dead man.

A woman's cry sounded through the court, to be suddenly hushed, a slight commotion like the ripple on the surface of a pool, when a stone is dropped into it, and then another case was called on, and the hapless prisoner adjudged "guilty," passed away among the scenes and persons to be forgotten.

No more indulgence, no more visits from friends; he is a convict now, and they may as well give him up, allowing him to drift quietly to his fate.

Of course he was not dead.

Death was not merciful enough to call upon him then.

It is to the happy and joyous, to those who look for long years of bliss and contentment, that the grim spectre comes unexpectedly, not to those who call upon him in the day of tribulation.

As Moll was nailed, half carried out of the court, she was met on the steps by a man whom she started to see in that place.

The man seemed to be waiting for Moll Arkshaw. He came forward, and with a more gentle expression than was usual on his countenance, said—

"Let me take you back to Oldham. Moll, my lass, this has bin a sad day for you."

"Now, I'll go back alone," was the reply.

But he seemed to take no notice of her denial, and she was too weak, too overcome with the shock of the sentence to have any very definite ideas as to what she was saying or doing.

"I must see him. Can't I see him?" she asked the policeman who led her out of the court.

"Are you his wife?" asked the man.

"No," was the reply, "but I war to his bin."

"Eigh, but that wunna do. Thou canst not see us," was the decided reply. "Bin' thou'st not his wife, the best thing thou canst do is to forget us," and so saying, the man, seeing she was clear of the court and not likely to disturb it by her screams again, left her.

Mrs. Bolton had not come to Lancaster to be present at the assizes.

Her son had particularly desired that she would not do so; indeed, he would have kept Moll away had it been possible, for crushing as the blow had been when it came, he felt from the very first that it must come, and that no avenue of escape was open to him.

It was vain for Moll to protest that she would rather return to Oldham alone. Bob Brindley was going to the same destination, by the same train, and though she tried to shrink from him, he went in the same carriage and kept by her side the whole time.

He little thought how unwise it was on his part, and how it confirmed Moll's prejudices against him, or he would have left her unrestrained, to indulge in her grief alone, or with complete strangers who would not know the cause of it.

As it was, her suspicions were aroused, and though she could not see how he had managed it, she attributed her lover's arrest and transportation to Bob Brindley, she having no hesitation whatever in accepting Willio's assertion that he was the victim of some vile conspiracy.

By a later train travelled Frank Gresham, somewhat conscience pricked, if the truth must be told, at having spent so much money, incurred so much risk, inflicted so much misery, and all, it seemed, from a feeling of ill-placed jealousy, for Florence, it appeared, took no more interest in the prisoner than if he had been an utter stranger.

Of all these feelings perhaps the consciousness of the danger he had himself incurred, if the real facts were ever discovered, was the most galling; and though he tried to drive the thought away, and believe the coast was clear and open to him as far as Florence Carr was concerned, the thorn of an evil conscience would prick and fret him through all his successes.

The rupture of his engagement with Lady

Helen Beltram had been a relief to his feeble mind, rather than anything else, for, having won, he had ceased to care for her; she was too cold and pure, and noble, long to chain his unstable heart.

Thus, life at Oldham resumed its old footing. One man, it is true, was taken from it in guilt and with ignominy, but what was one among such teeming thousands?

And yet there was a change.

Mrs. Bolton, now her son was gone, had nothing to depend on live upon. There seemed nothing but the poor-house before her, and Moll, with her usual generosity, offered the old woman, older in appearance by ten years, than she was two months ago, a home.

It is true that, with her slender means, Moll would have to be dismissed, for Willio's mother could cook and keep the two small rooms clean, and with many apologies, and professing that it would be a great favor and kindness bestowed upon herself, Moll persuaded Mrs. Bolton to consent.

"I'll please Willio to know we're together, mother," said the true-hearted girl, looking with love and faith into the elder woman's face.

And the stricken mother could but weep and

young woman named Moll Arkshaw, and Mrs. Bolton, live here?"

"Aye, I be Moll Arkshaw, and Mrs. Bolton be here too. Will yo' like to come in, sir?"

"Thanks."

And the clerical visitor entered.

A change had come over him since that night, little more than two months ago—the Christmas Day—when Bob Brindley had called upon him.

The change could be felt rather than seen or described.

Something in the eye which spoke of wildness, one could scarcely call it insanity—a fervor which was, perhaps, too passionate to be quite saintly—all this, as I said, you could feel rather than see; it seemed, indeed, as though the nobler part of the man had gone, conquered in the struggles that assailed him, and that he had delivered himself over to the enemy which he had previously wrestled with and defied.

His quick eye took in every detail of the room, and rested longer, it seemed to her, than was necessary upon Florence Carr's pale, sweet face.

So long and fixed was his gaze that the quick blood rushed to cheek, neck and brow, and with some muttered observation as to her

go, asking, however, as though the favor were to himself, that he might call again, and requesting Mrs. Bolton's acceptance of a small parcel which his sister, Lady Helen Beltram, had sent to her by him.

As he mentioned his sister's name, his eye involuntarily sought that of Florence.

But she was not looking at him, though the color deepened on her cheek.

It took a darker hue on his own also, though whether brought by pleasure or pain it would be hard to say.

For his eye had wandered to the fair white hand, the hand which toil had failed to harden or discolor, and he saw on it the gleam of a bright gold ring.

But he made no sign or observation, and after shaking hands with the two to whom his visit was ostensibly paid, and promising to call again soon, with a formal bow to the being who looked beside her homely companions, as though she had walked out from a picture to come among them, he took his leave.

He had not proceeded many steps down the dark lane, however, before a figure started out from the shadow of the wall and walked by his side, asking, in a familiar tone—

"Didst thee see her?"

"Yes," was the low reply. "Come this way, where we shall not be seen or overheard."

And the two passed on; not, however, before a solitary gaslight, shining upon the faces of the two men, revealed the clergyman and his companion Bob Brindle.

What could such opposite characters and persons want with each other, you may ask.

A little patience, and you will see.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CONVIVAL PARTY.

Frank Gresham had not been to Moll's cottage since William Bolton's conviction, but he had, for all that, managed to meet Florence more than once, and had even induced her to listen to him.

Not that he made any very rapid progress in his suit, the truth being that he had not yet made up his mind positively to matrimony, and the girl had most decided opinions upon that subject.

The consequence of which was a great deal of fencing which meant nothing, and left the pair exactly at the same point they started from.

A man thinks very seriously as a rule before he says to a woman, "Will you be my wife?" and with all his careless recklessness and selfish indulgence, Frank Gresham had not quite arrived at the necessary point of decision; and Florence, being quite resolved upon bringing him there, avoided him when it was possible to do so, and when really compelled to speak to him, treated all he said in the light of a jest, and would not talk seriously for an instant.

Nay, dangerous as such experiments were, she began to cast her bright eyes upon one of his friends, and so fascinated that weak young man, that Gresham, coming more positively to the assault, determined to end the matter and propose.

How to do it was the next point. Opportunities for conversing with her were not numerous.

One must be wiser, or he must send his proposal by letter.

The idea of writing what he had to say was repugnant alike to vanity and sense of caution.

A letter committed him, made him keep his word or pay a penalty, and if, as was scarcely probable, she refused him, it enabled her to exhibit proof of her conquest, and expose him to the ridicule of everybody as having been refused by a mail hand.

"Will you come for a walk this evening?" he asked in an undertone one morning, as in his tour through the mill, he paused by the side of Florence Carr.

"No, I cannot," was the decided reply. "But I have something to tell you, something to ask you."

"Of course you have, but I cannot come."

"Florence, you must hear me. Come to my sitting-room, now, and talk with me, if you are too prudish to be seen out alone in my company."

But the girl laughed scornfully.

"An improvement, truly," she said. "If you have anything to tell me, you can write it, and, for once, I will write you a reply."

And she went on with her work as though unconscious that he was still standing by, with anger and admiration strangely mingled on his face.



"AS HE ENTERED THE ROOM, KEINSTER WAS RECEIVED WITH SHOUTS OF WELCOME."

groan, remembering how ill-placed and ill-deserved was Moll's faithful love.

How often it happens that a woman whose love would be a treasure granted enough to redeem a man, to make him noble, respected, and honored, is neglected, despised, pushed aside, while one whose heart is cold, void, and selfish, is preferred before her, simply because her face is more fascinating and alluring.

Whether Mrs. Bolton did right or not the future must decide, but she did not undecieve Moll in respect to her son's love for her.

Perhaps she thought if she did so, she would sever from her the only friend left, or it might be that she hoped time and trouble would dispel the illusion under which her boy labored, that he would awake from it in his right mind, and return to his old allegiance. Be this as it may, the two women who lived with Moll knew of her delusion, and made no effort to dispel it, for, while hating each other, they could but feel some love and pity for her.

Thus Jen was dismissed—not unkindly, nay, with a small present and friendly words, from Moll, but still with a feeling of bitter, unreasoning hatred in her heart—not against Mrs. Bolton, the real interloper, but towards Florence, whom, truly or not, she believed to be the cause of it.

"Afore she com, we war' all right," she muttered, in an undertone, casting an evil look at Florence's beautiful, indifferent face, "and now I mon go, but I'll be even wif' her yet, that will I w."

And she went back to her grandmother, still muttering anything but blessings upon the girl whom she so unreasonably detested.

A fortnight had passed.

Moll's grief and that of Mrs. Bolton had spent itself, worn out, in the case of the former, by its own violence, and a settled depression that was almost lethargy came over her, when one evening, soon after the girls had returned from work, a knock sounded on the street door.

Moll answered the summons, and started back with amazement to see a clergyman, the Reverend and Honorable Sidney Beltram, before her.

"Excuse me; I think I am right. Does a

presence not being needed, she walked into the inner room.

Greedily devouring every outline of her face and figure, the strange visitor watched her, and it was only when the door closed between them that he seemed to wake up, remembering how singular his conduct must seem.

He had come to talk with and offer spiritual consolation, even substantial relief and assistance, if needed by the unhappy mother, and the two sufferers listened to him, thanked him for his kindness, and set down his strange behavior to his extra degree of sanctity.

That his visit brightened them, did them good, and that they should be anxious to see him again was natural, especially as he was the first of their would-be consolers, who affected in the least to believe in the innocence of the condemned man.

True, he talked of patience and resignation, but he likewise intimated that if evidence could be gathered, it was possible to present a memorial to the Secretary of State, in whose power it was to grant a convict a free pardon.

So long, indeed, did the visitor stay, that Moll, thinking Florence would be cold in a room without a fire, called her in, adding, by way of introduction to the reverend gentleman, that it was a young woman who lived with her.

The two bowed, more like a lady and gentleman in modern society than an aristocratic clergyman and a mill lass, and the girl, by far the less embarrassed of the two, appeared not to notice the chair he would have offered her, but crossed directly to the fireplace, and seating herself close to it, continued some sewing which she held in her hand.

Her entrance, however, produced a pause, and slight awkwardness in the conversation.

By some strange fascination, Sidney Beltram's eyes seemed riveted on her, his words came less fluently, and conscious of the spell, he strove to hide its effect on him in a manner which gave the two women who had been so charmed with him the impression that he had taken a great and insurmountable dislike to their more beautiful companion.

Feeling how utterly unequal he was to the situation in its present aspect, the rector rose to

Three days passed, however, and brought no letter.

He was thinking to tire her, excite her curiosity, and make her more ready and anxious to know what he had to tell her, and to accept his offer—nay, he even hoped she would herself manage to give him the interview he had asked for.

Had Florence possessed more heart, nay, had she been the owner of any organ of the kind except for the necessary well-being of her physical frame, his calculations, based upon previous experiments, might have been worth something.

As it was, however, he simply succeeded in making himself more feverishly impatient and utterly reckless to consequences.

In this frame of mind, he sat down and dashed off the following brief epistle—

“MY DEAR FLORENCE,—I have told you many times that I love you—I now ask you to become my wife. I will marry and treat you as a lady in my own position in life if you will have me. Say ‘yes,’ and let us fix the day when I may call you my own.

“Your devoted lover,
“FRANK GRESHAM.”

Leaving himself no time for doubt or hesitation, the letter was put in the post, and then the boldheaded young man had to undergo the torture of sitting down quietly to wait for an answer.

Quiet, in one sense of the word, he could not be, and though he scarcely doubted as to the reply he would get, still, the slightest amount of uncertainty made him irritable and restless.

Unlike his brother John, he was no student. Books had no charm for him, and he soon betook himself to his usual refuge in any perplexity, vexation, or difficulty, this being the wine bottle.

He could not drink alone, however, while laboring under such excitement, and he sent out for three or four friends, equally brainless as himself, determined to make a night of it.

There was a piano in his room, which he could play but indifferently.

It was, however, one of his weak points to imagine himself a musical genius, and as some of the friends thus hastily invited shared in the delusion, they brought with them a fiddle, banjo, tambourine, and an instrument, or couple of them rather, in use among negro melodists, and I believe, called “bones.”

There was an abundance of noise if not music, and as the vocal organs of the host and guests were on a par with the music in which they played their special musical instruments, the concert resembled rather a congregation of cats and dogs upon the roof, than sounds produced or emitted by any reasonable beings.

The evening was not far spent when another guest arrived.

Edwin Leinster, “the picture-painting chap,” as some people called him, was an acquaintance, one could scarcely say friend, of the young cotton spinner.

Indeed, as I think I incidentally mentioned, the young artist had been engaged to paint a portrait of Lady Helen Beltram by the young mill owner, who had expected to become her husband.

The portrait was nearly finished, but alas! the desire to possess it had quite gone, and unconscious of this, the young artist being in Oldham this evening, thought he would combine business and pleasure by calling on his friend and patron.

He was received as he entered the room with shouts of welcome from its noisy occupants.

“Come along, old man; just the fellow we wanted,” said Gresham, shaking Leinster by the hand. “You’re in time to give us a song, one with a chorus, that we can all join in.”

“Brew for yourself,” he went on, pushing brandy and whisky towards his guest.

Leinster complied; though not in the habit of indulging in strong drinks or fast company, he was glad to find himself amongst his noisy crew, this evening, for he was dull, low, and dejected.

He was in love, hopelessly so, he told himself.

Mary Garston was still engaged to her wealthy, middle-aged suitor, and though Martha Garston gave him every encouragement to transfer his affections from her sister to herself, his wilful fancy refused to be so diverted from its object.

Being in love is anything but conducive to one’s health, spirits, or the successful progress of one’s profession, and Edwin Leinster would often find himself pale and hunched in hand, standing before a picture to which he had not added a touch for half an hour at a time.

Of course this was not the way to get on in the world, and he would rouse up with a start, and try to force himself to accomplish his work in a more rapid and spirited manner, but he would dream off again and wake up to find himself idle, or working only in a mechanical and senseless manner.

At last in disgust he threw down his brush; it was better to do nothing, than ruin himself by spiritless productions, and then, as the singing moth invariably seeks the candle, he determined to run down to Oldham, call on the Garstons and some other people he knew there, Frank Gresham among the number.

His visits to the Garstons had not been satisfactory.

Mary had gone to Manchester for the day, Martha was oppressively amiable, and he was not sorry to have the excuse of pressing business with Frank Gresham to account for his cutting his visit short, and getting away early.

He had a good view, far better than any of

the rest present, and he sang several noisy songs, the others joining in the chorus, creating such a row that passers by could but hear and declare that “Frank o’ Meary’s war at his mad pranks ag’in.”

Continued attention to the bottle, and the task of emptying and replenishing their glasses, had loosened the tongues of the young men, who began to tell stories and talk to one another with far more freedom than they would otherwise have done.

“I say, Gresham,” observed the artist, his handsome face flushed and his bright blue eyes unusually brilliant from excitement, “when are you going to be spliced? My lady’s portrait is nearly finished, and a thorough stunner she looks. I should have liked another sitting or two, but without assigning a reason, she declined to grant it.”

“Did she? Well you needn’t ha’ done it, for I’ve done with her,” hiccupped the host with a laugh.

“Done with her?”

“Aye, and I’m going to have in her place the prettiest lass tho’d find in a day’s march, lad.”

“Indeed?”

“Aye; it’s true, lad.”

“And what am I to do with the portrait?”

“Keep on, lad, keep on. I’ll give thee the brass I promised, and mayhap some spoony fule may buy un o’ thee. No, I’ll tell thee what thee mon do; slash it and send it to her with my compliments.”

It was noticeable that Frank Gresham always relapsed into a dash of the dialect when he had taken a drop too much, or was more than usually excited.

He laughed now at what he considered his own wit, and some of his companions joined him and laughed too, simply because he laughed.

So many people follow the example of others, without knowing the reason why or wherefore. But though he had taken quite as much whisky and water as was good for him, Edwin Leinster did not join in the merriment.

Indeed, it was no laughing matter to him. He had hoped for more than money from his commission; he had likewise dreamed of fame, for Lady Helen Beltram’s beautiful face had been literally copied on the canvas, and he did not get such a model to paint from every day.

Feeling vexed and angry as he did, he was still sufficiently master of himself to hide it, and say indifferently—

“Well, it isn’t finished yet, and I am very busy; so I’ll leave it on the stocks for a time.” Gresham was about to make some reply, when one of the others forestalled him by saying—

“I say, Leinster, wasn’t it you that painted the portrait of poor Bill Garston’s child when he was dead?”

“Yes.”

“Ah, then, perhaps you can tell us something about that mysterious baby they’ve got there; whose is it?”

“Upon my honor that’s more than I can tell; it was through my own fault or misfortune—call it which you will—that the child came to be an inmate of Garston’s house. I lost the dog in Manchester, where I had him for a month, or rather, the brute ran away from me, and on its way home, discovered the child buried alive, fetched its master, and the poor little thing was rescued. It seems a nice child too, and Garston is as fond of it as though it were his own.”

“Ah! and isn’t it his own?” asked one of the young men, with a laugh.

“Or doesn’t it belong to one of his daughters?” asked another, who could certainly not be termed sober.

“Whoever says that is a liar!” exclaimed Leinster, springing to his feet, his face flushed, and eyes blazing with passion.

But the man who had made the audacious suggestion declined to fight; the artist’s fists and attitude looked dangerously threatening, and he hastened to explain and apologise.

“I was only in fun,” he said. “I like Bill Garston’s daughters too much to think ill of them, and I’d marry the eldest—Mary, to-morrow, if she’d have me.”

I cannot say that Leinster was delighted at finding an aspirant to Mary’s hand in the person of his enemy, but he was obliged to accept the apology, and so far from an amiable mood, he resumed his seat.

“But who could the child belong to?” persisted another of the party.

“Was suspicion never thrown upon anyone?”

“Not with any degree of certainty, I believe,” replied the artist.

“The child had evidently been born but a few hours,” he went on, “before the dog found it. The marvel was, that it had not been suffocated by the sods piled over it.”

“I suppose its mother must have intended to murder it,” remarked Gresham, with a slight shudder.

“Without doubt.”

“What a monster!” concluded the young spinner, with a shudder; “why, the very brutes are more feeling to their young.”

“Yes, but we don’t know all the circumstances of the case,” said the artist, sadly. “The woman must have been evidently mad with terror and shame, before she could be driven to such a crime. Poor wretch! whoever she was, I pity her.”

“Then I do not,” said Gresham, with an oath, which it is unnecessary for me to repeat; “such unnatural wretches ought to be hung.”

“Here, draw it tight, old man,” said the young

fellow, who had nearly been rousing Leinster to fight; “if everybody in such matters got their full share of blame and punishment, you might not come off quite soot free.”

There was a short laugh at Gresham’s expense which, slightly the worse for brandy as he was, he did not join in; perhaps his conscience was not quite as clear as it might have been; and the home thrust set him thinking, a somewhat unusual thing for him to do.

He tried to drive the thought from his mind, remembering that he was going to turn over a new leaf in life, and get properly married, and yet the disagreeable impression would haunt him, until he suggested that they should all turn out and go for a game at billiards.

Even then, it seemed as though the picture of that deserted and half-buried infant would continue to haunt him.

Yet, vexed and irritated as he was, little could he dream how that intended crime, which appeared to have no connection in the world with him, would yet influence his whole life.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ACCEPTED.

“At last!” And the blue eyes, with their fringe of black lashes, blazed up now with a gleam of exultant triumph.

It was an off day at the mill, something being wrong with some of the machinery, and the two girls, Florence and Moll, were at home and eating their breakfast, when the postman brought the letter, the contents of which had caused the involuntary exclamation to escape from the former.

Mrs. Bolton formed the third at the breakfast table, and it needed not the art of divination to discover in the tone and voice in which she addressed each of the girls, that she hated one of them almost as much as she loved the other.

“What be it, lass?” asked Moll, in surprise at her companion’s excitement.

“I—I suppose I may as well tell you now as later,” was the doubtful reply. She was vexed with herself for her incautious surprise. “This letter is from our master, Mr. Gresham, and he asks me to be his wife.”

“What! to marry thee?” asked Moll, almost incredulously.

“Thee? A bit o’ a mill hand!” questioned Mrs. Bolton, contemptuously.

The girl’s beautiful face became scarlet in a moment, and her temper got the better of her judgment and discretion, for she said indignantly—

“Bit of a mill hand or not, I am his equal and your superior, as you might have known if you had not been senseless as a brute. There was a time when I could not have allowed such a creature as you even to wait on me!”

Then she stopped, thinking perhaps she had gone too far, said too much—stopped so abruptly indeed, that the old woman, whose curiosity as well as anger was aroused, said—

“Well, go on, I’m listening.”

“I am wasting my breath; you are not worth it,” replied the girl with disdain, and rising from the table, the better to hide her vexation and mortification at having been betrayed into speaking incautiously.

But Moll, as usual, came to the rescue as peacemaker.

“Here, Florence and mother, don’t quarrel. I’ve rest glad thee’s got a good chance, lass; Frank o’ Meary’s bean’t a good mon, but he’s got the brass, and he’ll keep thee from having to go to work. Tell me all about it; I knowed he liked thee.”

With all her faults, Florence was not naturally bad-tempered, and Moll’s kindness and sympathy touched her as that of few people could have done.

So she walked to the window, followed by Moll, to whom she gave the cotton-spinner’s epistle to read.

“And thee’ll take him?” asked Moll kindly, as she returned the letter.

“Of course I shall; nobody better off is likely to propose to me here.”

“That may be true, lass, but marriage be some, at more nor so many pieces o’ brass—not as I’ll try to persuade yo’. I’d only have yo’ think well on’t afore it’s too late.”

“I know, Moll, I know what you mean. You think I ought to be in love with the man whom I take as my husband, but I am not like you. I shall never be in love with any man again.”

But the last word was silently uttered in her own heart, not spoken aloud. She would not tell Moll—would not tell anyone, that the freight of her heart’s treasure had been trusted to a worthless vessel, and wrecked, almost as soon as it had been consigned to its keeping.

“Thee thinks so, lass, but thee don’t know what love is,” urged Moll; “it’s a blessing as mak’s every burden light, a strength as mak’s yo’ forget yo’ weakness and trouble, and it sweetens even a crust, with the man yo’ love, and mak’s it better nor the richest food.”

Florence turned away a little impatiently. Tell her that she knew not what love meant—the who had sacrificed all that made earth dear, sacrificed even the hope of Heaven itself, to the passion which had scorched up all the pure and noble sentiments and feelings that should have beautified and adorned her life!

Had she dared, she would have shrieked out aloud now with pain and agony, as the thought of all she had done and suffered rushed like a long-restrained wave of emotion over her heart.

It seemed indeed as though her fortitude and presence of mind, the mask which she had worn so long, would fall from her,

when a sharp, complaining wofol howled and restored her completely to herself.

Kindness might melt, weaken and paralyze her, but opposition, unkindness or cruelty were sure to find her both armed and prepared for them.

“What be the use o’ ‘alking to her?” said Mrs. Bolton snappishly, “A man’s heart to her is no more nor a rotten egg or a dead worm; she’d trample on ‘em all the same. Thee may thank her, my lass, and her carrying face, for all the trouble as you and me’s suffered from.”

The softness, even weakness was gone, and Florence turned upon the old woman fiercely, as a wild cat might have done.

“What’s that you said?” she demanded, in a tone of menace, and with such flashing eyes, that Mrs. Bolton, afraid now for the consequences of her own words, absolutely covered.

“I were only thinking,” she replied, in a humble tone, “that it’s women like you, as have got no hearts, as draws men away from them, as truly love ‘em.”

“Were you? Than, if you are wise, you will keep such thoughts to yourself, otherwise, if I have the power you ascribe to me, I may be inclined to use it to your disadvantage.”

The dark blue eyes, and cruelly firm lips, implied more than the words had the power to do, and Mrs. Bolton shivered as, perhaps, she had cause to do, under their threatening influence.

(To be continued.)

TEN MINUTES LATE.

A TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

DEDICATED TO UNPUNCTUAL PEOPLE.

I have always been late in my life. I began it by being ten minutes late for a title and fortune. In this wise it began: My mother, after ten years of marriage, during which time she had not made the slightest attempt at presenting my father with an heir, suddenly announced that she had great hopes of, in time, supplying him with the much-desired blessing. Great hopes they proved themselves to be, for one lovely June morning she not only conferred on my father one son, but being determined not to do things by halves, ten minutes afterward a second made his appearance. The eldest son was at once proclaimed as such, and invested with a piece of blue ribbon—which I should think formed a pleasing contrast to the crimson writ that adorned—that no mistake as to his identity should occur, while I, not being expected, came off second best in honor and attention, and went shares in all the goods the gods had provided for my brother, &c., his food, his clothes, and his cradle. Of course we were the image of each other, and being strongly impressed with the fact we naturally grew up to admire each other intensely.

I never, however, quite forgave him for giving me the go-by in my entrance into life until he squared matters by outrunning me in another race which proved more to my advantage than the first. It is this adventure I am about to relate.

First it is necessary to tell you, that through a whim of my mother’s we were christened by the respective names of Charles and Charleswood; my father’s name was Manners; my mother having been an heiress of the name of Compton, had conferred it, with herself, on my grateful father, whose acres before his marriage were not equal to his ancestry, and whose baronetcy was bestowed upon him by an impoverished monarch, who received in exchange an equivalent, and rather more, in the coin of his realm. Such being the case, the double patronymic of Compton-Manners descended to the twin offspring of the illustrious couple aforementioned, and remained their undivided possession, as my mother, after that supreme and highly-successful effort of maternity, rested on her laurels, so to speak, and no other child arrived to share my fortune as a young man. I have mentioned that it was a whim of my mother’s to call us both by Christian names beginning with the same letters, and the same whim caused her to increase, if possible, the likeness between us by dressing us exactly alike.

Of course, this occasioned endless confusion, but, luckily, what we had both attained the age of twelve years, my hair grew rapidly darker, while my brother’s retained its rich auburn color. This at once, greatly to my mother’s disgust, proclaimed a difference between us, though we possessed the same blue eyes, dark eyelashes and regular features.

I pass over the school days at Ekzrow, a year at Christ Church, and, finally, as we would have it so, our first separation, my brother Charles getting his commission in the Guards, while I contented myself with one in the Rifle Brigade; and I had not been in that most edifying and steadfast of dear old regiments for a month before I became fully convinced that the Guards were nowhere as compared with it, and not for gold untold would I have exchanged my dark green—there is really as much green about it as there is in a London square—for the gaudier trappings of the household troops.

When I was about two and twenty it chanced that my brother’s battalion of Grenads and my battalion of the Rifle Brigade were ordered to Montreal, we proceeding the Guards by a few weeks. It happened to be about the time that a certain political outbreak was feared, and soon after our arrival at Montreal I was stationed

detachment to a country town to frighten the disaffected inhabitants into good behavior. This proceeding, strange to say, gave great delight to some of them, though I fear it was only the female portion of the town of Agnewville, Canada West, who hailed our advent, not only as a protection, but as a break in the monotony of an otherwise decidedly dull country town.

You must know that in those days of youth and folly, dear reader, I prided myself on an unexceptionable taste in beauty, and to keep up my supposed credit for this I went systematically to work to ascertain who was the belle par excellence before I fixed on any young lady as my "muffin" during our stay at Agnewville. For the first week I flirted generally; the second week I began to reduce the circle of my acquaintance; the third found me in a state of waver between two beauties, and by the end of the first month I was, figuratively speaking, on my knees before Miss Marguerite Duval, who, I had now quite made up my mind, was one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most innocent and simple-minded of her sex. Who could doubt the fact for an instant who had been allowed the felicity of gazing at her? When with her I felt inspired, like Montrose, "To make her glorious by my pen, and famous by my sword."

When I was away from her I felt—don't be shocked, my sentimental reader—as if I had had nothing to eat for a fortnight, followed by an extraordinary tendency toward Villa Duval. This, I suppose, was sympathetic electricity.

Let me describe her; let me, in fact, make her glorious by my pen, as the substitute of a rifle, I fear, precludes the possibility of winning her fame by any other means. She was tall and slight—very slight. Now this slightness is, to my mind, almost a fault in a Canadian beauty, and it is in the one respect of figure that the maidens of England excel their Canadian sisters. Implying your pardon for this digression, let me proceed with my portrait. Very slight, with a graceful, piquant head, crowned with quantities of silky hair, massed in an extraordinary and mysterious way, all loops and twists and coils and sunshine. No—it was not dyed, and it was not bought. She floated in my arms once, and though it came tumbling down in glorious and golden confusion, it did not tumble off. These wonderful tresses were cut straight across the forehead à la Vandeko. I am aware that this way of arranging the hair is generally condemned as "bad style," but it was not so common then as it is now, and I boldly say, nothing can be more becoming when it forms a fair and aliven fringe over a soft young forehead and dark pencilled eyebrows. As for the eyes, it is simply impossible to describe them. They were "everything by turns and nothing long." Yes; they were always beautiful—molling, burning, laughing, loving, scornful. They were large, they were brown, with very large dilating irides, and they were guarded by a double fil of lashes, long, soft and almost black.

As I write these words in praise of those wonderful eyes, helping my memory by a glance at a vignette by Notman that does them but scant justice, if any, the recollection of them even now will stir the blood in my veins and cause my heart to beat almost as if I were once more gazing into their unfathomable depths in the conservatory, or, to use Maggie's own words, "the flirtorium," at Villa Duval.

It must not be supposed that I was allowed undisputed possession of the first place in Miss Marguerite Duval's affections. Had that been the case, I ask myself, looking back as I do now over an intervening lapse of time, how long should I have valued such solitary possession? And I answer after reflection, and always taking the lapse of time into consideration, Not an hour! I should have certainly sent in my resignation, which she on her side would have accepted as gracefully as she did everything, from bouquets to bracelets, with a faint sigh purporting over the fickleness of mankind generally, and soldier-kind individually. But Miss Duval was never doomed to receive mortification at my hands; she had swarms of admirers, some of whom were declared lovers, and I being, as I have before stated, very young and very foolish and not a little vain, actually allowed myself to be aggravated into love with her; I really cannot describe the process in any other way, and the amount of excitement I went through in keeping my place among my rivals, and my anxiety always to be first by her side, almost cured me of my early fading.

When the Rifle Brigade, or, to use the Agnewville abbreviation, "the brigade," had been quartered there two months, it was agitated among us that a ball to our hospitable entertainers would not only be right and proper, but polite—in fact the only thing wanting to restore completely and immediately that loyal state of feeling that once existed in Agnewville. We at once called a meeting to discuss and settle this important matter without more delay, as we were in fear of being recalled to headquarters immediately, now that the Fenian panic seemed to have abated. After the question of funds had been discussed, and we had all declared our readiness to place our enormous fortunes at the disposal of the mess committee, the next question was mooted as to "when?" or "where?"

"When? Next week," was the answer from one of the younger and more enthusiastic—of the Prince Consort's Own. "Where? In Aymer's Hall, not in this wretched rat-hole they call a barracks."

The first part of this suggestion was negatived as impossible by the steadier members of our committee, the second was taken into consideration

and ultimately carried without a dissenting voice. The ball was finally fixed for that day fortnight at Aymer's Hall, a tolerably good set of public reception rooms in the heart of the little town, which were used for State affairs and small entertainments, and called Aymer's Hall, after a former Canadian Governor of that name who had passed through the town during its erection.

It was the day before that fixed for our ball, and when my arduous duties were over, I drove out to Villa Duval to pay my respects to *la Belle Marguerite*. It was lovely weather in early spring, and the delicate tender green of grass and foliage was an inexpressible relief after the endless wearying of miles of snow we had been gazing on and walking over for months. The sun had already attained considerable heat, and when I reached my destination I found the jealousies closed, the awnings spread over the balconies, and some of the inhabitants of the villa assembled under the sheltering colonnade, while the more venturesome were returning to croquet with all the zest that a long interval devoted to sleighing and tobogganing was likely to inspire them with.

I was received with considerable enthusiasm, and a fluttering increase of color on Maggie's fair cheeks as she left her game and came forward, mallet in hand, to greet me. I was not a little annoyed, however, when I discovered in a young man who was her partner at croquet, one of my brother officers, as I had hoped I should reign supreme on this occasion, and did not fancy the espionage now, and the bluff afterwards, that would most assuredly be my lot. I therefore rather surlily refused Marguerite's request that I would join their party on the lawn, and throwing myself on a rug that was spread under the colonnade devoted myself to a younger sister of my enchantress, who, for her age, scarcely sixteen, had a very fair idea of flirting. Miss Eunice was kept as a rule in the background, and how heartily she enjoyed on this occasion being first instead of second. I could see by the dimples round the mouth and the quiver of the dark eyelashes, in spite of her efforts to look demure. My back was turned on the croquet party, but I could see the whole scene reflected panorama-like in the plate-glass of the window in front of me, and in spite of my scowls of temper I was not a little amused at the evident pique which Maggie endeavored to hide by apparent absorption in her game, and I was as usual irresistibly fascinated by her grace, and the perfect foot she displayed in the rapid movements anted by the varieties of croquet.

Meanwhile, Eunice did *la belle ingenue* to perfection, and why her little white fingers moved rapidly through her tating, or some such pretentious work she was engaged in, her eyes and tongue were not slothful.

"And you will, you promise me, won't you, Mr. Manners?" she said, ending with these words a torrent of vivacious nonsense about her first ball, and her fears that I should be too grand to dance "with such a stupid little thing as me, you know."

"Yes, you poor little Cinderella, I will do anything in the world you like to please you," I replied, returning her soft glances with interest, and in absurdly tender tones; for I could see in my impromptu looking-glass that Maggie was approaching and was probably within earshot.

Eunice, to do her justice, looked a little astonished, and I snort, received an admonishing look from her sister, for she got up and went into the house, saying something about orranging tea, and then Maggie and I were left to a certain extent alone. As the house was a square surrounded by a piazza, the step or two I had taken in rising, had carried me round one corner of it, and a newly-seated and thickly-growing Virginia creeper screened us from the rest of the party.

There was silence for a moment, and then she said, "Come and see the monkey."

Dear me! how many *de-a-die* visits we paid that monkey; and how very little attention that small representative of our former inglorious but untransmuted state ever received! In that day Mr. Darwin's theory had not attained its present beautiful perfection; had such been the case, what inexhaustible resource of scientific argument would that little animal have suggested to us. As it was, in my foolishness, and I must add insolent, ignorance of the close connection between ourselves and that little gibbering nut cracker, I wondered how God, who had created so frightful a parody on man could have devised so beautiful a creature as the fair woman who stood beside me, holding out her delicate snow-white hand to be emptied of its treasure of nuts by a black paw with curved nails, and hairy outside.

Pardon this digression; perhaps the reason of our undue partiality for the monkey was, that he lived in a house, suitable as to size, at the end of a long avenue, which house by a fortunate coincidence, and a lucky contrivance of art and nature, was not visible from any window of the villa; moreover, by keeping under the piazzas for a yard or so, we could diverge from thence into this avenue without any one being the wiser. After a moment spent in laying in a stock of nuts for Dolly we started cautiously and rapidly on our little excursion.

"We must not be long," said Maggie, "for tea will be ready directly, and I guess I shall be wanted."

"It may be the last time I shall ever see the monkey," I shall pathetically, not the least seeing how ridiculous my remark must sound. I have since thought how well Maggie realized

the struggle to laugh which must have assailed her, for she had a strong sense of the ridiculous. She replied without a muscle of her face moving:

"Capt. Johnstone was telling you we expect to be recalled soon, but I hope it is only a false report. We should miss you all—really!"

"I don't suppose you'd care," said I, shaking the baskets of nuts so energetically that two or three hopped out on the gravel path and necessitated our both stooping to pick them up. If two faces did get close together for a second, what matter? There was only Dolly, the monkey, looking on, and he could not tell tales—luckily!

"I don't suppose you'd care?" said I, repeating my question and trying to get a peep at the eyes that were shaded by the envious straw hat.

She did not reply; she did far better, raised those darkly fringed lids and gazed full at me. Was there a tear trembling on the lashes?

There surely was, and though intoxicated me. I caught her round the waist, and drawing her unresistingly toward me, began, "My darling!" In another moment I should have poured my love tale into her ear, when a rustling in the neighboring bushes and a laugh startled me, and I had hardly time to release Marguerite when from behind the monkey-house appeared Johnstone and *la belle ingenue*, Maggie, who had fled from my grasp like a startled lawn, had instantly regained her composure and began to feed poor neglected Dolly, who was chattering and grinning, and trying with his paw stretched to its utmost length to reach the nuts, talking to him, as if she had but one thought in life and that thought giving a monkey nuts.

At that moment, balked as I was, I hated Eunice, Johnstone, the monkey, everything but Marguerite, whom I loved with a passion which astonished myself.

"I came for the keys," said Eunice, with an aggravatingly pert smile and know-all-about-it sort of look.

"And what did Capt. Johnstone come for?" said Marguerite, bestowing her last nut on the monkey, and speaking in the sweetest tones imaginable.

"To see your charming monkey, Miss Duval," replied Johnstone, smiling, "and to assist your sister in the search for the keys."

"Hang the keys!" said I, semi-audibly.

"Yes; but that's just what Marguerite won't recollect to do, though just mamma has had a nail driven in for her and all," said Eunice, with a delightful simplicity.

What the "all" was I was never fated to hear, for Marguerite made one effort to renew our *de-a-die* by dispatching her sister to the house with the said keys in great hopes that Capt. Johnstone would think it necessary to escort her on her return journey, but she and I were doomed to be disappointed, for Johnstone stuck to us perseveringly from that moment until I took my leave. I only just managed, as I pressed her hand at parting, to whisper "Keep the first dance for me to-morrow night," and even this was overheard by Johnstone, who said:

"He'll not be there to claim it, Miss Duval. Don't you wait for him; he was never known to keep an appointment in his life," and a good deal more in the same pleasant bantering strain. It was enough to try the patience of a saint, and as I never pretended to be worthy of canonical honors, my reader, unless she or he happens to be beat with a super-angelic nature, may easily picture to her or himself the horrible temper I was in when I mounted my dogcart to return to the barracks in company with my interfering friend Capt. Johnstone. I had indeed almost descended to the petty revenge of refusing him the lift back that he had the audacity to demand, but the recollection that if I did so he would probably remain in my beloved's company until the next car passed, made me deem more prudent to comply.

Johnstone was really a friend of mine and a good fellow, but possessed, as I then thought of no tact whatever. Directly we were off he began cheerily:

"What's the row, old fellow? Won't she have anything to say to you?"

"I beg you will not make Miss Duval the subject of any foolish jesting," I replied with dignity.

He gave a whistle long and low. "Why, you don't mean to say, Charlie, it's as serious as all that? I am sorry I spoke."

I vouchsafed no reply, but gave the mare a savage out. My companion lit a cigar, and after a puff or two began:

"But seriously, Manners, I hope you are not caught. You are far too young, and the girl has nothing but her looks; these, I admit, are good enough to turn an older head than yours; but still you'll be a great fool to give up all your future to a pair of blue eyes."

"What the—can it matter to you what I do?" I retorted, further incensed at the contempt expressed for my two and twenty years. "And I consider this expression you use with reference to 'being caught' extremely offensive, in the strongest sense of the word, to Miss Duval, whose name I again request may not be mentioned in my presence."

"Oh, these boys! these boys!" grumbled my adviser; then laying his hands firmly on my shoulder, he said: "Now, look here, Manners, you are a capital good fellow—far too good a fellow to make a fool of yourself and quarrel with your best friend. You are irritated just now, and not likely to take a favorable view of my counsel. Some day you will thank me for the last year's work. I am many years

older than you, and I have saved more than one youngster from marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, and by Jove! I'll save you whether you like it or no."

I was provoked at his obstinacy, but his good tempered face and little twinkling eyes—not unlike the monkey we had just left—upset my gravity and forgetting my dignity burst into a hearty laugh.

"That's all right," said my unthwartable friend. "I see I am forgiven, Charlie, I wish, at the same time, I could see any signs in your face of taking my advice and letting the matter drop, now and forever."

I became grave again and replied stiffly, "I am obliged to you for your advice, Johnstone, and I am sure you mean it kindly, but I consider I am compromised and bound in honor to propose to Miss Duval; and moreover, I tell you frankly that I intend to do so to-morrow night at the ball."

Now, to tell the truth, until that moment I had never quite made up my mind to take the final step; and as to being compromised, officers in the army, who are always running the blockade, so to speak, know a trick worth two of that. But I had recovered my trerper a little, and with it a strong temptation had set in to defy my self-instituted mentor. The latter shrugging his shoulders and merely remarking, "T. at all being settled, it is useless to discuss the subject further until the young lady had either accepted or rejected you," changed the topic, and we talked away amicably till we reached our quarters in time for dress for mess. After that convivial repast was over, I beat a retreat to my own room, as I found the mess committee had by no means exhausted the subject of the coming ball.

Now, from personal experience, I should say that a good dinner, a fair allowance of wine, a luxurious arm-chair, solitude, and a pipe, are to a man, however alight in love, fuel to the flames; and if your experience tells you the same I need hardly say that, on this particular evening, under these particular circumstances, my thoughts had a decided leaning to one subject. Should I propose to Marguerite Duval, or no? Prudence—that too often fatal enemy to the tender passion—said "No." Love contradicted her flatly and said "Yes." And Love, having the formidable allies before-mentioned to strengthen his cause, was on the point of gaining a victory over his stern adversary, when I was recalled to a sense of my present position by the opening of the ante-room door, from whence distasteful sounds of mirth were borne on the tobacco-tainted air; then, as I feared, steps approached my door, which I had taken the precaution of locking. I paid no attention to a loud knocking, which was followed immediately by a violent wrench at the handle, and "I say, old fellow?"

"Well?" I growled surlily.

"I say, old fellow!"

"Well?" (still more surlily, and drawn out into a prolonged tone of irritation.)

"It's only me—Hood; I want to speak to you."

Here another voice chimed in: "Oh! I leave him alone—he's a sulky brute—and come and have a game of pool." Then the speaker walked off, leaving Hood master of the position.

Hood, or, as we generally called him, Robin, was a great ally of mine, and as good a fellow as ever lived; so, repenting of my ungraciousness, I opened my door cautiously and admitted him. Though I had yielded so far, I was too sulky to offer him my favorite arm-chair, but let him make himself as happy as he could in an American rocking-chair, with his feet up on another. Next came the inevitable question: "Got anything to drink?"

"What a bore you are!" I replied civilly, and dragging my weary limbs out of my chair, I produced from an oaken bureau some seltzer, brandy, champagne, and some old Venetian glasses, of which I was not a little proud.

"Why, old fellow, you have got an attack of blue devils to-night, and no mistake," said my companion, helping himself liberally to liquor. "I'll give you some of this delectable beverage, and you'll be all square in no time at all."

Having taken a dose of that remedy of the British sub, against all evils, I became more amiable, and we both began to smoke. At last Hood asked, as he knocked the ashes out of the top of his old gentleman's expensive head, and proceeded to refill it again from the contents of a small sealakin tobacco pouch, "Any plans for to-morrow, Manners? I vote we get away from the busy haunts of man, especially committee men."

"No, I've no plans; and I perfectly agree with you that flight or suicide is the only course left open to us."

"Not going to see Mademoiselle Marguerite, eh?" This was said too gravely for me to take umbrage. I glanced at him to try and detect chaff, but his face was as sober as a Judge's is popularly supposed to be, and wearing the peculiarly dreamy expression the physiognomy of man derives from the perfect enjoyment of a second pipe.

"No, I was there to-day," I said, conscious of a wretched failure in my attempted unconcern of tone.

Puff, puff, from Robin, and alliance for a few seconds. "I am going to drive out to Netherlands," he presently said, apparently regardless of my last remark. "Will you come? Let me see, do you know them?"

"I know the son; and between you and me, I think he is a bit of a cad."

"Not a bit of one, but the whole animal," replied Hood; but the girls are pretty, and ting

like *cyrens*. By Jove," he added, waxing quite enthusiastic, "I could listen for ever to Paulina's voice."

"Are these young ladies Terpsichores as well as Entepes?" I asked sententiously.

"What the deuce do you mean?" said Robin, who was not well up in his classics, not having had the advantage of a college education. (?)

"Well, in plain English, are they dancers as well as musicians? And are they coming to our ball?"

"Decidedly. I have promised to dine there and escort them thither; and I have an invitation for you to do the same."

I was about to express my approval of the arrangement, for I had long wished to make the *Miss Fanshaws'* acquaintance, when my appointment with *Marguerite* flashed to my recollection, and I hesitated.

"I should like to go with you, of all things, Robin; but won't it make us late at our ball? For the Colonel expressed a hope we should all be there to receive our guests."

"Is that your only reason for wishing to be early? But I won't chaff you, my dear Charlie," replied Robin. "To relieve your mind, let me assure you you will be in ample time for the first dance. The *Fanshaw* girls have each a promising flirtation on hand, and are not likely to be late. So you come with me to *Nether-votes*; we'll drive out about 4 o'clock, and I promise you a very agreeable afternoon."

I consented, but not without some fears, for one well knows how difficult it is to start from a country-house eight miles off so as to be in anything like time. The next day at 4 o'clock found me driving with Robin through Mr. *Fanshaw's* pretty pleasure-ground, and approaching the large white veranda-guarded house. My friend was right; we had a very pleasant afternoon; the girls were large-eyed, large-limbed and large-voiced, and sang to perfection. The dinner, also, when it arrived, was perfection; but it was unpunctual, and my fears were realized when, on the ladies leaving us, I looked at the clock and saw the hand fast approaching 9. The ladies had to dress, and I saw the gentlemen of the party intended to fortify themselves against the fatigues of the coming evening by a "big drink," and I reflected with the calm agony of despair, that if I were able to keep my appointment it must be by a miracle. However, I determined upon making an attempt, and leaning across the table, I said to Hood, "I must be off. Will you let me order the dogcart at once?"

"Couldn't be done, dear boy," he said with provoking calmness; "I should have to pay a doctor's bill either for your neck or my horse's knees, to a dead certainty. No one but myself shall drive *Semiramis*; she takes after her beautiful namesake, who, by all accounts, was a rum one. Besides, I have promised to take *Fanshaw* over, and you are to cavalier the ladies."

There was nothing more to be said, and I wisely gave up the idea of being in time, and trusted to the chapter of accidents, and a very long chapter it was. It was exactly half-past ten when we got under way, and it was not by any means plain sailing after that. What with a gibbing horse, a broken bolt, and something wrong with *Hood's* turn-out—he insisted on our waiting while he remedied it, it being, he said, so unseemly to divide parties—it was twelve o'clock before we reached *Aylmer's* Hall, and by that time the fun was raging fast and furious. Of course I was bound to dance with *Miss Fanshaws* directly we got into the ball-room, and I did so with as good a grace as was compatible with the fact that the whole time I was eagerly looking about me for *Marguerite*. She was nowhere to be seen. There were gardens at the back of the hall, and these were lit up for the occasion with colored lamps, and there were seats placed at intervals for the comfort of exhausted dancers. Immediately on obtaining my release from the second *Miss Fanshaw*, I went off on a systematic search for *Marguerite*, and this I prosecuted with unflinching perseverance, but with no success, for a quarter of an hour.

On my return to the hall, and just as I entered an ante-room, almost dazzled with the full blaze of light, I saw my lost love approaching me; I did not notice her partner, who immediately disappeared to get her some tea; but greeting her eagerly, and pouring out apologies for my non-appearance before, I solicited the honor of a dance. To my astonishment she received me as if she had never seen me before, and regretted in the orthodox young lady style her inability to confer on me the desired favor, as she was unfortunately engaged for the rest of the evening. Just then her partner returned, bearing a cup of tea, and to my further astonishment accosted me with a "Hollo! Charlie, how are you?" and there was my twin brother, whom I thought safe at *Montreal*, dressed in the *Rifles* Brigade uniform, and evidently carrying on a flirtation with my love.

"Why, when did you come, and why thus got up?" I questioned, having returned his greeting with brotherly affection.

"Too long a story to tell you now, old fellow," he replied, and murmuring something about "lost my luggage—borrowed your coat—rather a lark," rushed forward to relieve *Miss Duval* of her emptied cup, and taking her upon his arm again in another minute had disappeared from the room, leaving me in a state of mind in which mystification, anger and astonishment struggled for the mastery. Indeed, I began to fancy that the fumes of Mr. *Fanshaw's* claret had turned my brain, and I betook myself to a distant part of the garden to collect my scattered senses. The fresh night air had the desired

effect, and all became as clear as day. My brother, who was always up to some lark or another, and took especial delight in mystifying people with our extraordinary resemblance, had borrowed my uniform for that purpose, and had certainly succeeded with poor *Marguerite*. It was not a pleasant idea to think of the mistakes she might be guilty of in taking him for me. It was evidently possible to enlighten her respecting the delusion she was under, and with a laugh at so ridiculous a dilemma I determined to go to her parents and explain the matter to them. I found my little friend *Eunice* doing wallflower between her father and mother, looking rather disconsolate, and being received with one of her prettiest smiles, I carried her off, nothing loth, to dance a quadrille, which was just being formed near us. As luck would have it, her sister and my brother were *vis-à-vis*, and *Marguerite*, when she saw us, colored up to the roots of her hair. *Eunice* looked puzzled, and kept on glancing from one to the other.

"That's my twin brother, *Miss Eunice*," I said at last, "isn't he like me?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I never!"—her astonishment drawing forth her most nasal pronunciation. "Why did you never tell us. And he is in the brigade too."

"No, he is not; he is in the Guards; but lost his clothes and borrowed my uniform."

"But does *Marguerite* know? She takes him for you, I really do believe, for that gentleman met us at the door and she laughed and said, 'Punctual, I do really declare.'"

"And what did he say," I asked, beginning to smell a rat.

"Oh, something smart about 'such an inducement, you know,' and then *Marguerite* thanked him for her flowers, and, oh! what a deceiver he must be! He said, 'They were the best he could get.'"

I saw it all now, and I was furious; when the dance was over, which I walked through like one in a dream, for I was almost motionless with anger, I took *Eunice* for a little walk and told her what I suspected; then, scrawling a note to *Marguerite* on a piece of old letter, explaining the trick of which she and I had been the victims, I gave it to the little sister to give her. This she promised, and having restored her to her parents, I went off to the barracks to prepare a tremendous burst of wrath against my brother and his colleagues, *Johnstone* and *Hood*, who were evidently both in the plot. I had been caught in a trap, purposely detained from keeping my appointment by *Hood*, and purposely personated by my brother. I need not trouble my readers with my note to *Marguerite* in detail; it was merely exposing the trick, and I concluded by offering her my heart, which I assured her had been her exclusive property for any number of weeks and months.

When I woke from my troubled sleep the following morning, I found a note awaiting me, not from *Marguerite*, and it was as follows:

"Respected Sir: My daughter desires me to express the deep sense she has of the extreme and unmerited honor you have done her in offering her your hand, but she feels that with your habits of unpunctuality she could never be happy with you, and though far from being mercenary, she feels that she is not one who could exist without the amenities of life—that is to say, on love alone. She confesses that she allowed herself to become temporarily attached to you, sir, believing you to be one who could confer on her the position her beauty should gain for her. She finds she has been deceived, and that your brother is the future possessor of the title she had reason to fancy would have been yours. Sir, she feels sure that such being the case, you will resign all pretensions to her hand. I entirely endorse my daughter's sentiments, and beg to subscribe myself,

"Your obedient servant,
"ALFONSO DUVAL."

My brother was most agreeably astonished at his hearty welcome, when he appeared, in the course of the morning, looking, to do him justice, extremely like a naughty boy. I handed him the elegant effusion above transcribed, and on mastering its contents he laughed till I was fearful of the consequences. He then, by my request, told me the whole story—how he had received a frantic note from *Johnstone* relative to my fool-hardy determination to fall into the trap laid for me, how he had run down to *Agnesville*, and he, *Hood* and *Johnstone* had laid their heads together to save me.

Knowing that I was supposed by the *Duval* family to be the eldest son and heir, they arranged that he should personate me until he had become sufficiently acquainted with *Marguerite* to find out which way the land lay. In the course of the evening he had quietly told her that I was the younger son, and that he had personated me in order to make the acquaintance of one whose beauty was of world-wide renown. So well did he do this, and with such extraordinary tact, that he was immediately forgiven, and *Mademoiselle Duval* turned the whole battery of her charms on him, as representing the elder son. She flattered herself she had succeeded so well that, without hesitation, she gave me my *congé*. I need hardly say that it was a case of the bitter bit, and that my brother departed and was never more seen by the lovely eyes of *la belle Marguerite*; and when, after some months, I heard of the fickle beauty's marriage to a rich merchant, it was without a regret, and with devout thankfulness

that my dreadful habit of unpunctuality had for once saved me from a terrible error, and with the conviction that a man may do far worse things than commit the crime of being ten minutes late.

SWEET ARAMINTA.

BY JACK ROBINSON.

Araminta Johnson is, without question, a lovely creature. She is just twenty, of the middle height, and a blonde; she has a profusion of fair hair worn in coils, and thrown back to show to its fullest extent her broad high forehead; her nose is aquiline; a rich natural color glows upon her cheek, and her blue eyes seem to possess the peculiar faculty of being able to penetrate into one's innermost thoughts. At least such was the opinion I formed of *Araminta* when she came with her mamma for the first time to the fashionable church of *St. Magnus-cum-Little-Benjamin*, and the pew-opener (we being "high" call him a "verger") ushered them to the pew immediately in front of that in which I sat. In our church we are not yet sufficiently advanced to separate the sexes; hence, on the particular evening when the sweet *Araminta* burst upon my sight like a fairy vision, I had full opportunity of noting her beauty. Some people have since told me—doubtless they are envious, because I know her and they do not—that her features are by no means so perfect as I describe, and that she is far from being a beauty; still her influence is as great over me now as when I first fixed my gaze upon her, and I can say, too, that I regard her with as much silent admiration. *Araminta*—dear *Araminta* I may call her today—will ever be to me the same lovely light-hearted creature.

They were new-comers to the neighborhood, and being, on their first visit to the church, unprovided with the proper hymn-books (a matter not to be wondered at when we consider that every church seems to have its special psalter), it was my supreme felicity to hand *Araminta* and her mamma those I possessed. Never shall I forget the glance with which my divinity favored me when, the service being over, she returned me the books. I fell desperately in love with the fair creature, and mentally vowed that the remainder of my life should be dedicated to her.

As fortune (good or ill the sequel of my narrative will show) would have it, *Araminta* and her mamma decided upon occupying the pew into which they had at first been shown and Sunday after Sunday my eyes drank of my beloved's beauty, whilst my ears were strained to catch the sound of that sweet voice, which joined in all the responses and with religious fervor carolled forth its songs of praise.

Araminta and her mamma being uppermost in my thoughts, I felt compelled to speak of them ere introducing myself. As the reader's intelligence will have noted, the writer of this narrative is at heart and by nature a poet—a lover of the beautiful and true; but a relentless fate has made him clerk to a stock-broker, and as though that were not sufficient to drown the minstrel's song, he has been dubbed by his godfathers and godmothers *Uriah*.

Yes, *Uriah Quick*—such is the name I bear among my fellows; but neither they nor the world in general estimate the poetic ardor and lofty aspirations which lift me, eagle-like, above the common herd. Morning and mid-day I am a grub delving among *Consols*, *New Threes*, *Turks*, *Reduced*, *Italians*, *Peruvians*, and other sordid substantialities; but with the closing of the office door behind me, and the echo of my footsteps upon the pavement outside, I divest myself of worldly associations, and, extending my broad pinions, take my flight. Higher and higher soars my soul, as though 'twould reach the other pole; then, with a sigh that shows my dearth, it sinks again to vulgar earth. For a time I am lost to all that is passing around me, and not until I enter my humble lodging do I become aware that a scanty and hurried dinner necessitates my lingering over the fragrant *Bohea*.

Proud am I to say that the heavenly music which has swept my lyre has not been withheld from the breathing, struggling mass around me. To my credit be it said, that I have afforded the public an opportunity of listening to the sweetest harmonies mind ever conceived. Yes! I have been in print. Like all unknown men, I experienced disappointment at first. I found the great publishers as unappreciative of poetry possessing the true ring of genius as they are fabled to be; but I scorned, I defied such petty obstacles. I was equal to the occasion. If no one would publish for me, I would publish for myself. I was recommended to a printer, and entrusted my precious MS. into his hands. A superior man was that printer; see, than he exclaimed, "These poems, sir, is first-rate." Upon the strength of this true critical judgment—all the more precious as coming from such a disinterested source—I at once ordered an edition of 500 copies, to be printed in the clearest of type, upon the thickest of paper—large octavo size—with an emerald green cloth binding, and gilt edges.

Was I rash? was I wrong? No; a thousand times no! I showed the world that I possessed a spirit not to be crushed by the prejudices of publishers, or their lack of enterprise. I was no

Chatterton, no *Otway*, to waste my sweetness on the desert air—to remain undervalued at my full value until my heart should be still, and the hand that penned my glorious lines should lie stiffened in the tomb. It was wise of me to publish; an inner consciousness tells me so. The little bill, forwarded with the worthy printer's respects, amounted to more than I had expected, and indeed absorbed nearly my year's salary from the stockbroker's office. But what of that? Had I not the sweet consolation that I had done humanity a service? My work had for its title "*Mute Heart-burnings*," which was at once catching and appropriate to the matter of the poems. With respect to the sale I was somewhat disappointed. Though more than two years have elapsed since the public outpouring of my muse, not more than twenty copies have been sold. One hundred copies were sent to the newspapers to be reviewed, and received but scant recognition; and nearly another hundred were presented to expectant friends, who seemed to think that I was in duty bound to provide them with the volume, and who afterwards amused themselves by passing upon it all sorts of absurd and adverse criticisms. Particularly the labor of my teeming brain has proved a failure, but the time will come, and is perhaps not far distant, when each of my little volumes will sell for its weight in gold, and be worth its toil. Hurt at the neglect which had attended the first-born of my muse, I resolved that a great portion of the surplus stock should be presented to some of our national institutions. I forwarded copies to the principal hospitals in London, and despatched specimen volumes to each of the county lunatic asylums, where I am told the "*Heart-burnings*" are in great demand and are much appreciated.

Enough has now been said upon this subject. I am neither vain nor egotistic, and I shrink from the task of further personal description of myself and my attributes. To posterity I leave a legacy that some day or other will be considered priceless; and to that pleasant happy time, when my soul—But to resume.

The reader will already have observed my energy of character. Having fallen madly in love with *Araminta*, it was not long before I found an opportunity of being introduced to her and her mamma. By what shifts and contrivances I secured the aid of a mutual friend, and by him was made known to the object of my adoration, need not here be stated. Enough that before three months passed I became an occasional caller, and then a frequent visitor at the residence of the fairest dweller in *Canonbury*.

I found that *Mrs. Johnson* was a widow who had moved in a far superior circle to that she now occupied, and that *Araminta*, her only child, was, through the eccentricity of a deceased uncle, the happy possessor of £300 per annum, which, however, was to be taken from her and given, half to her mother and half to an asylum for disabled and homeless cats, should she wed without *Mrs. J's* consent. Oh! how I loved the fair heiress! How I sympathized with her under the trying circumstances in which she was placed! Naturally *Mrs. Johnson* would look with distaste upon every suitor. To inherit a fortune than to lose it by the caprice of a mother! No, this must not be. *Araminta* should not risk such disappointment. I was the gallant knight to rescue her from thralldom; *Araminta* and her £300 per annum should be mine. The worldly wisdom under whose influence I was a slave from nine till four every day except Sunday, told me that first of all I ought to conciliate the mamma. My soul despised artifice, but it was for her—for *Araminta's* sake. And the poor girl was grateful. I knew that she saw in me a gallant deliverer, although no word of love had ever passed my lips. In the presence of *Mrs. Johnson* I was indeed cold and distant to my beloved, but I felt sure that *Araminta* saw through the *ruse*. Indeed, she rewarded me with so many beaming smiles that I was fully repaid for the unwilling attentions I bestowed upon her maternal guardian. But I had not long become a frequent visitor at the little *Canonbury* villa ere I began to fear that in the pursuit of *Araminta's* affection I had a rival.

At first I only heard of Mr. *John Smith* through *Mrs. Johnson*, who informed me that he was a most desirable young man to know, and that she hoped we would shortly become acquainted. Smith, it was said, was a handsome young fellow; Smith was an accomplished man, his vocal ability being something marvellous; Smith was well-to-do; Smith was of good family—in short, Smith was everything desirable, and my ears tired of his name ere I once set my eyes upon him. He accompanied my friends one night to church, and with disgusting impertinence (as I thought) placed himself next to *Araminta*. They shared the same hymn-book, and seemed to be on the most agreeable terms. In listening for the lovely *Araminta's* voice my ears caught the sound of his. And they called him a singer! It is perhaps well for the happiness of the world in general that the superior taste and lofty intellect of *Uriah Quick* are possessed by few.

Handsome, forsooth! In what did his beauty consist? Was it his Roman nose, thick moustache, curly hair and lofty stature that gave him an advantage over me? Pshaw! 'tis the mind, and not the outward appearance that should command respect. As is beautifully expressed in the "*Mute Heart-burnings*":—

What lifts thee o'er all common kind,
Surely 'tis the beauty of thy mind:
In thee I see no vulgar dross,
Nothing mean, nor weak, nor gross.
I could have struck my rival to the earth

when, on leaving from the church, Araminta gave me a nod of recognition, and immediately took the proffered arm of Smith. But I was true to my purpose; I showed no spleen; I was resolved to conciliate Araminta's mamma, and I flattered myself that already she was beginning to regard me as a suitable son-in-law. She is what is termed by the vulgar a strong-minded woman—that is to say, she is absolute of purpose, ready of speech, and loves intellectuality rather than shallowness. This was why I found favor in her eyes; and I felt that I could now safely defy the fate which had placed my lot in life among noisy City men, and had bestowed upon me the horrible name of Uriah. Yes, my foot was firmly set upon the path which led to Araminta and the £300 per annum.

Steadily pursuing the plan I had formed in my mind, and of which I felt my charmer was cognisant—witness her nod of recognition—I offered my arm to Mrs. Johnson, and all the way from the church to the dwelling blessed by the presence of my beloved, we spoke of poetry and the arts. A very clever appreciative woman is Mrs. Johnson. In stature there was scarcely an inch difference 'twixt her and her daughter, and when she spoke it seemed the very echo of Araminta's voice. Therefore when I avoided looking into Mrs. Johnson's face, and refrained from the mental calculation of how far she had advanced on the wrong side of forty, I was able to fancy that I had Araminta by my side. This gave me poetic inspiration, and I felt little of the embarrassment which usually accompanies a young man's conversation with his future mother-in-law.

"Oh, you must come in and take a little supper with us," said Mrs. J., when the tall hollyhocks, growing in the front garden of her villa, began to loom in the distance; "I want to introduce you to our friend Mr. Smith."

Throughout our walk Araminta and her hated companion kept well ahead. They started with a lead and maintained it so well that they had entered the house ere we were in sight. I did not want to become acquainted with Smith; but I did wish to bid Araminta good-night, and to indicate, by a stronger pressure of the hand than usual, that I was making the way smooth with her mamma.

No expression of my adoration had yet escaped me; but that mysterious feeling which blinds twin souls together, and makes each recognise its fellow, had, I thought, made my love as apparent to Araminta as though I had proclaimed it on my knees. True, Araminta, save by a few friendly nods and piercing glances, had never given me cause to think that my love was returned; but this was maidenly modesty that she knew would be appreciated. How aptly those melodious lines in the "Mute Heart-burnings" describe this feeling:—

What need to loudly speak my love
When in every action it doth show?
Speech can do little to make me prove
What heart and hand so fully know.

The introduction to Smith came. "He was, as I had imagined, a shallow-brained coxcomb. 'Twas Hyperion to a Satyr over again; I being Hyperion, of course, and he the distorted monster. They said he was a musician; well, if loud growling among the lower "F's" in the bass, in the attempt to drown everybody else's voice, constitutes a claim to be considered a musician, then Smith should have at the very least put "Mus. Doc." at the end of his name. My friends say I have a pleasant tenor voice—a "light tenor," they call it; and I flatter myself that in some Ezzellian songs there are few who can surpass me. But of this it is not for me to speak; suffice it that Smith's strident "F's" and "E's" perfectly quenched my light tenor, Araminta's heavenly soprano, and her mamma's tremulous second. It was a welcome release when supper was announced. Then offering my arm to Mrs. Johnson, we left her offspring and Smith to follow. Of course all this time and throughout the period of supper my heart was with Araminta, although I let no desire of my own interfere with my purpose of rescuing the fair creature from the thralldom of her mother. Taking furtive glances at Araminta on the other side of the table, I could not but compare her to Andromeda. Yes, she was the beautiful creature tied to the rock of single blessedness, her mother was the monster, I was the gallant Perseus, resolved upon rescuing my beloved, and Smith—well, he was an officious on-looker, a sort of theatrical "super," nothing more.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. J., during an interval of cold beef and salad, "my Algy was so fond of music. Often and often has he called me to his side and insisted upon my joining him in 'Moe! me by moonlight alone.' Do you know that song, Mr. Quick?"

I became all attention at the mention of this Algy, of whom I had never heard before. Was he among the living? If so he must be Araminta's brother. Perhaps he, too, would have to be conciliated ere the divine creature and the three hundred pounds per annum became mine! My experience with Mrs. J., and the fear that a similar process would have to be gone through with this Algy, completely took away my appetite, and I had barely strength to gasp out,—

"No, ma'am, I do not know the song. Pray, does Algy live?"

"Live, certainly not, Mr. Quick; poor dear Algy, he died in 1843. Poor dear Algy!" A weight was lifted off my mind, but never having previously heard of "poor dear Algy," my curiosity was stimulated, and I determined to pursue my inquiries further. It was now a favorable moment, for Smith had engaged Araminta's attention in a long discussion upon the principles of light. I think I ought to mention

that Smith had something to do with the construction of philosophical instruments.

"Dear me," I said, moving my chair closer to Mrs. Johnson, "pray what was the nature of his complaint?"

"Oh! Mr. Uriah," she murmured, placing one hand in mine whilst the other hid her handkerchief to her eyes. I felt gratified by this mark of esteem and began to calculate how many days would transpire ere I became, with the consent of her mamma, Araminta's betrothed.

"Ah!" I mentally exclaimed, glancing at Smith, "this is about the last time, young fellow, you'll have beef and salad here."

"You have a sympathising heart, Mr. Uriah, is it not so?" resumed the widow, interrogatively. I admitted the fact, upon which she, apparently gratified that her estimation of me was correct, gave my hand another squeeze. Araminta and the annuity could not be far off now.

"He was my second, and I think I loved him better than the rest."

"Indeed," I replied, "Why, I thought, Mrs. Johnson, you never had but one."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Uriah, I have had three," answered the grief-stricken woman, wiping away a couple of tears she had succeeded in bringing her eyes.

Determined not to be daunted in my investigation—it was all done through my determination to free Araminta, be it remembered—I asked, "Were they girls or boys, Mrs. Johnson?"

The widow's hand was suddenly withdrawn from mine; then bending upon me a look in which pity and indignation seemed to be strangely mingled she said, "I do not understand you, Mr. Quick."

The blood rushed to my cheeks, and I know I blushed horribly at the consciousness that somehow or other I had, vulgarly speaking, "put my foot in it." What made the matter worse was that Mrs. J.'s last inquiry had disturbed Araminta and the hated Smith in their discussion upon light, and that they also were looking inquiringly at me. "Pray, ma'am, were you—not speaking of your children?" I stammered.

"Children! no, sir," she exclaimed, drawing herself to her full height, "I spoke of my husbands."

Involuntarily I drew my chair a few paces from the terrible woman from whose clutches I was bent upon rescuing Araminta. It was very rude and pointed of me, but I could not help it. Lucky for my purpose was it that this revelation did not come sooner. Had I known how things were, I could not have had courage to escort Mrs. J. from church so frequently. No matter, my purpose was now nearly accomplished. Araminta, I felt sure, would shortly be mine, and it would be my care to see that she should not follow the fearful example of her mother.

I scarcely know how the remainder of the evening passed. I fancy I could not have shown to advantage, inasmuch as I was vexed with the little mishap that had taken place; and my thoughts were occupied with the startling fact that Araminta's mamma had buried three husbands.

I recollect nothing of what transpired after this until I found myself outside the house with Smith by my side. He had been talking some time ere I listened, but suddenly my ears caught the name of Araminta, and then I became all attention.

"You have influence—great influence, as anyone can see, with her mother, you might put in a word for me."

"Why?" I inquired mechanically.

"Because you might be enabled to gain her consent to our marriage."

"To your marriage? Marriage with whom?"

"Why, with Araminta of course. Don't you know that if the girl marries without her mother's approval she loses £300 a year?"

"What, have you propose, to her?"

"Not yet, but I mean to shortly. That's why I want you to talk about it to the old woman."

"What," I observed to the talkative Smith, "is Silby la're when weighed against true love?"

"Exactly," said he, "but I don't care about the girl without the money."

This, then, was the mean, contemptible creature who had been held up to me as a paragon among men. He could not disassociate Araminta from her yearly income. The two must come together, or she should never bear his name. Oh! paltry soul! Had he been short and I tall, I would have crushed the life out of him as he stood before me. But Nature has made me a short man, and Smith towers a foot above my head, so prudences repressed all bellicose inclination, and whispered in my ear, "Try moral 'nasion." "All right!" I mentally exclaimed, "I will."

We had now arrived at a road where he had to take one direction and I the other. Rewrung from me a half promise that I would say what I could in his favor, and then we parted. I was glad to be quit of him, for I now knew that he had entered the lists for Araminta; and I wanted to mature my own plan of action. I resolved to declare my passion the next night. Had I not the best right to her—had I not ingratiated myself with her mamma—the heroine of three husbands—purposely that no objection should be offered to Araminta's choice of me? Was Smith to steal a march upon me over the ground I had so carefully prepared? No! I am a man of action. Smith should receive his dismissal the next night.

The resolution with which I retired to rest

first hour of business to a time when I returned to my lodging my purpose remained unaltered. When and under what circumstances was it best to proffer my suit? Twilight? Yes, in "the twilight's holy calm" which some one has written about. Araminta was fond of poetry—at least, that is, good poetry. I know this from the fact of having caught her more than once smiling in silent ecstasy over the beauties of my "Heart-burnings." In that romantic hour when the shadows deepen, and all around gives token of the approach of night, I would address to her words of love. She in reply would quote passages from the volume which I had presented to her, and this might be construed as a delicate assent to my suit. I saw it all, and dressing myself with scrupulous care strode forth upon my mission.

Lo, where comes the gallant knight
Clad in robes of radiant light;
The hero of a generous band,
His to direct, his to command.

These stirring lines from the "Heart-burnings" recurred to my memory as I paced the strip of path which led to the portal of my beloved. In the gloaming I saw through the parlor window a "har" wave a welcome to me. A thrill of delight passed through me as I felt that it must be her—my beloved.

So well had I become known at the little villa that it was not necessary I should be announced by the servant. On this occasion, however, I thought it wiser to deposit a half-crown in the domestic's palm; she, with a knowing smile, motioning with her finger toward the parlor-door, gave me to understand that the object of my search was within and alone. This silent intelligence was so gratifying to me, that I felt half-inclined to give Jane another half-crown, but I kept to the half-inclination and did not.

Quickly turning the handle of the door, I entered the apartment sanctified by her presence. As I had anticipated, she was alone. Seated in front of the window, she had evidently been expecting my approach, and, betrayed by the exaltation of the moment, had waved her hand as she saw my form emerge from the shadow cast upon the path by the tall hollyhocks. I knew that her face was beaming with smiles, although in the gloom of the apartment I could not see a feature. I could picture the rosy flush upon her cheek, her bright glance towards me, and the pointing of her lips that would murmur, "Uriah, dear, I love you." If they had only dared, I knew that all this was expressed on my Araminta's face, by the tremulousness of her hand and the quivering accents in which she said how delighted she was to see me.

I did not ask my beloved the usual question relative to the state of her mamma's health, as I feared this would lead to the Madnes herself being summoned to pay her respects to me, but went straight to the cause of my visit, dreading lest Smith should forestall me. Drawing my chair closer and closer to hers, we talked a few moments about the state of the weather, how warm it had been throughout the day, how refreshing the air seemed towards evening, how we hoped it wouldn't be as hot to-morrow, and how nice it would be if a little rain were to fall during the night. We rang the usual changes upon this topic, and then with the exhaustion of the subject came an interval of silence—a hush of nature as it were. Still nearer to her I approached; then, taking her willing hand in mine, I murmured, "Dearest."

She had evidently been expecting the avowal of my love (dear girl! who knows how long the passion had secretly burned within her bosom?) for without drawing back her hand she whispered, "Uri, dear, go on, I do so like to hear you talk."

"Uri?" Well really my name divested of the final "ah" did not, coming from her lips, sound so pleasant as I had once thought it. She called me, "Uri," "Uri dear;" that then was to be my pet name. Thus encouraged, I proceeded:—"Sweetest, you bid me talk. Ah, love, had I ten thousand tongues they could list no name so treasured as your own. Dearest, I love you—you know it. Long has my heart been yours. Why have my visits here been so frequent? Because, dearest, you were the magnet that attracted me. Tell me, may I not call you mine?"

"Oh! Uri dear, this is so sudden, so unexpected, give me time to consider."

"Not an hour, not a moment," I exclaimed, in the mad enthusiasm of my love. "I would have my answer at once—this anxiety I cannot brook."

"Then, Uri dear, I will be yours, and yours alone."

In a moment I had clasped her waist, and imparted a kiss upon her cheek. "That ratifies our compact. Now tell me, dearest, how long is it since you knew I loved you?"

"Oh, a long time, Uri dear—a very long time, almost as long as I have known you. But you have not yet told me how we are to live, Uri. You know I have a small income, but it is not sufficient for us both."

"Three hundred pounds per annum a small income! 'Twas thus alightingly she spoke of her wealth. Oh! how I loved the girl! I felt the inferiority of my position at once, but I summoned courage and told of my income and prospects, even communicating the hope I still entertained respecting the copies of the "Heart-burnings" remaining unsold."

"Oh, Uri dear," she murmured, her head resting upon my shoulder and her face upturned to mine, "I am more than satisfied. Oh! how I have loved you, yet feared, the arrival of the morning."

"Then, my betrothed, you confess to having loved me ere my avowal."

"Never shall I forget the ecstasy that filled my soul as she replied, hesitatingly, "Yes, Uri, almost from the commencement of our acquaintance."

"Darling girl! "And what, dearest," I continued in my delicious joy, "what trait in my character charmed you most, what led to my winning your heart? Was it my poetic genius?"

"Oh, no, 'twas your resemblance to Algy."

"Algy? do you mean your stepfather?"

"No, my second husband."

Great Powers! I had proposed to the Gorgon of a mother. In the horribly poetic twilight I had mistaken Mrs. Johnson for her daughter. The fatal resemblance of voice and height proved my betrayal, and I sank back in my chair dumbfounded.

Next Wednesday what some people call an "interesting ceremony" is to be gone through at the church of St. Magnus-cum-Little-Benjamin. If I survive till then, I am to be dragged to the hymeneal altar by Mrs. Johnson; and immediately after she has legally become Mrs. Quick, that detestable Smith is to wed the lovely Araminta and her £300 per annum. For me there is nought but genteel poverty and petty government. I feel it is coming. Should my spouse be again widowed (as is more than likely), may the earth lie light upon my blighted corse!

DISMAL PEOPLE.

There are many people who take a strange delight in being dismal. Some of them are so selfish that nothing is ever right, because they imagine they ought to have something extraordinary in the way of luck. A few are ill-tempered, and adopt the dismal line on purpose to spite those who live with them, being well assured that this is the most effectual way of so doing. But the majority of the Dismals are good people (or, at least, people who want to be good), and they appear to be dismal strictly on conscientious grounds. If they put their feelings into words, they would probably say something of this sort: "This world is made up of sin, and sorrow, and suffering. It is a probation, and we need not look for anything pleasant until we pass into the next. We must not give way to happiness, or encourage joy. It is true that God gives the sunshine and the flowers, but He intends that while looking at them we shall constantly remind ourselves that the rain will come, and that the flowers will die." It seems impossible that such hearts can love, but perhaps they do after their own dismal fashion. Everything is done for duty, and if by chance in performing this duty they stumble upon the doing of anything pleasant, they are sure to spurn the taste of it. The question is, what pleasure do such people find in life? The best use that mortals can do while passing through this thorny world is to pluck as many roses as possible.

PERSIAN VILLAGES.

Most Persian villages and towns have certain general features in common. They are for the most part surrounded with walls of sun-dried bricks; the houses are principally of the same material, flat-roofed and windowless towards the street, which is always very narrow, full of holes and ruts and the receptacle of refuse. The mosques are distinguished by domes, but minarets are not, as in Turkey, very prevalent; the Persian generally goes up on the housetop to pray; thence, too, the muskin chants his sermons to the faithful. In the capital and larger towns some of the mosques are covered with gilded tiles, and the bazaars and houses of the great are of stone and kiln-burnt bricks, but elsewhere there is seldom any coloring to break the brown monobony of the mud walls and roofs. Post-houses are invariably built on the same plan; they are square, enclosed by high walls, have a turret at each corner, and one entrance. Right and left, and sometimes above this, are postmasters' and travellers' rooms, the latter devoid of all furniture but a carpet, and sometimes undivided by wall or curtain from the stables, which range round on three sides of the enclosure.

On arrival the traveller is offered a *halwa*, (bubble-bubble) while fresh horses are being got ready; if he intends to pass the night, he establishes himself and his belongings in the most convenient corner. Caravansaries, too, are all uniform in shape and construction, differing from each other only in size and state of repair. Their external appearance is that of four blank walls surmounted with parapets. A single arched doorway admits to a large courtyard, from fifty to one hundred yards square, as the case may be, in the centre of which is a raised stone platform for the deposit of merchandise, and sometimes a well. Around the court, and looking on to it, are vaulted cells, lighted only from the front, which is generally completely open. The doorways have no doors, and if there be any windows they are devoid of frames and glass. The stables are frequently under the cells. Many of these buildings, especially in the southern provinces, are substantial and handsome, and are always preferable to the common ones afforded by the post-houses of villages.

ABOUT HORTICULTURE.

BY MAX ADLER.

We have gone into horticulture a little bit this spring. We bought a century plant. The man who brought it around to the house said it had belonged to his grandfather, and he wanted to sell it only because he was in extreme poverty. He said that the plant grew only half an inch in twenty years, and blossomed once in a century. The last time it bloomed, so the man's grandfather told him, was in 1776, and it was certain to burst out again in 1876. So, impelled by patriotism and by a desire to possess such a curiosity, we borrowed fifty dollars and paid the man for it. We planted the phenomenon on the north side of the house, up against the wall. The next morning we were surprised to see that it had doubled in length during the night. In two days it had grown five feet, and before the week was out it reached half-way to the roof. This seemed strange after what the man said about its growing only half an inch in twenty years. But we concluded that the rapid growth must be due to the extraordinary fertility of the soil, and we exulted to think how we had beaten that man by getting a century plant so much larger and so much more valuable than he had suspected. We thought how woefully mad that man would be when he called to see that century plant of his grandfather's getting up out of the ground so splendidly. Just about this time we were obliged to close the house and leave town for three weeks. On the trip home we thought we would go around and look at the century plant the first thing. We saw it as soon as we got home. The plant had grown during our absence. It had a trunk about a foot in diameter, and the branches—each of them as thick as a man's arm—ran completely over the four sides of the house; over the window-shutters, which were closed to tightly that we had to open them with an axe; over the trap-door on the roof, which had to be sawed off; down the chimneys, which were so filled with foliage that they wouldn't draw; under the crack beneath the front door and up the stairs intertwining the baluster rails and wrenching off three or four of them, and into the very garret, where they were tightly wrapped around six or seven old trunks. The roots, we found, had thrown out shoots over every available square inch of the yard, so that we had about four million century plants in a very thriving condition. A number of shoots had also pushed through the foundation-wall of the house, so that when we went into the cellar it looked like an East India jungle, and it took six hours of hard labor with a cross-cut saw to get at the coal-heap. We are sorry now that we bought that century plant. We have half an idea that the man who sold it was a humorist, and that his Revolutionary grandfather was an octogenarian fraud. We will sell out that century plant cheap—very cheap; and we are the more anxious to do it because the fifty dollars are not yet paid. This seems to be a fine opening for a young agriculturalist who does not want to wait long for his vegetables to grow.

A HARROWING TALE.

Max Adler tells the following harrowing tale in the Philadelphia Dispatch:

A gentleman with whom we are acquainted, was employed some years ago to represent "The Wild Man of Afghanistan" in a New Jersey menagerie; and while standing in his cage, day after day, he gradually learned to love the fat woman, who sat upon the platform close to him. The keeper of the place also cherished a tender feeling for the young lady, and he became jealous of the Wild Man of Afghanistan. And when visitors would come, the keeper would procure a pole, with a nail in the end, and stick it through the bars of the cage, and stir the Wild Man of Afghanistan up and jab him in the ribs. And he would ridicule the Wild Man's legs, and deliver a lecture upon the way he turned his toes in, and read chapters out of books of natural history, to show that a being with a skull of such a shape must of necessity be an idiot. Then he would poke the Wild Man of Afghanistan a few more times with the pole, and pass on to the next cage with some remarks tending to prove that the monkeys therein and the Wild Man were of the same general type. And all the time the fat woman would sit there and smile a cold and disdainful smile as if she believed it all, and hated such legs, and despised toes that turn in. At last the Wild Man of Afghanistan had his revenge, one day when all hands were off duty, the keeper fell asleep on the sofa. Then the untamed party from the distant east, threw a biscuit over him, and went for the fat woman. He led her by the hand and asked her to be seated while he told her of his anguish. Then she suddenly saw down on the keeper. You could have passed the corpse under a closed door without scraping his vest buttons. They merely said him in a crack to the ground when they buried him, and the fat woman pinned eight hundred pounds of hermit away and finally gave the remainder to the Wild Man of Afghanistan, who clasped his arms about her as she could hold in his brown, and organized a fresh menagerie upon a new basis.

THE ARABS.

Persons of the middle class have sandals instead of shoes; they are single soles, or thin pieces of wood, fastened to the feet with leather thongs. Richer people wear slippers, and the women always use the latter covering for the feet. Drawers, with the addition of a shirt, always form the female dress. At Hedjaz, as in Egypt, they veil their faces with a piece of linen, leaving only the eyes uncovered. In Yemen, the veil is much larger, and covers the face, so that even the eyes are not discernible. At Sana and Mokha, the women wear a transparent gauze veil embroidered in gold. They are very fond of rings on their fingers, arms, wrists and ears; they stain their nails red, and their hands and feet of a brownish-yellow, with the juice of a plant called *el henna*; they also paint all around their eyelids, and even the eyelashes themselves, with *ko hel*, which renders them quite black. Men even sometimes imitate this fashion, but it is considered effeminate. The women of Yemen make black punctures on the face, which they consider improves their beauty. Fashion shows its influence in this country most particularly in the manner of wearing the hair and beard. In the states of Sana all men, whatever their rank, shave their heads; in other parts of Yemen it is the universal custom to knot the hair up behind and wrap it in a handkerchief. Caps and turbans are not in use here. In the mountain districts the hair is left long and loose, and is bound with small cords. All Arabians of rank have one curious addition to their dress. It is a piece of fine linen upon the shoulder, which probably was formerly intended to keep off the heat of the sun, but is now used only as an ornament. Carver states that the Arabian women wear black masks with elegant little clasps, and Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation. In Moore, also, we find these lines:

"And veiled by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids—
A mask that leaves but one eye free
To do its best in witchery."

In many parts of Arabia the women wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. All the young women of the East are particularly fond of being able to gaze upon their own fair countenances, and seldom go without a looking-glass. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known and they may receive the homage due to them.

A SAN CASE.—A story of extraordinary sadness has just been laid before us. Some little time ago a very valuable American law-book was misused from the library of the Inner Temple. Subsequently it was noticed by a barrister in a second-hand book-shop. An investigation was made as to how it got there, and it was proved conclusively that it had been stolen by Mr. Hugh Weightman, a barrister, and sold to the bookseller for ten shillings. Unfortunately, there was no possibility of escape, and the jury found the prisoner guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy on account of the previous high character which he had borne, a character to which the Archbishop Manning, especially, bore the warmest testimony. The name of Mr. Weightman recalled to the public a very painful event which happened not very long ago. A barrister died suddenly under circumstances which showed that the primary cause of his death was starvation.

A letter appeared in the *Times* giving an account of the poor gentleman's life, its utter destitution and misery, in such an impressive way that no one could ever forget it. The letter was signed H. Weightman, who, if now turns out, was the dead man's companion in wretchedness and despair. So we have the tragedy of two members of the English bar, men of high position and education, sinking, one into death, the other into moral ruin—through poverty. When Mr. Weightman was asked the usual question whether he had anything to say he rose with deep emotion and said "I rise to ask your lordship, seriously, to disregard the generous recommendation to mercy by the jury. I desire no mercy." After a few vague rambling remarks in deprecation of the evidence on which he had been convicted, he continued as follows: "I know my doom is fixed. I have no wish to go again into the world. I believe your lordship has power to sentence me to five years' penal servitude. I court that sentence. I cannot suffer more than I have suffered. I have gone for weeks and months without a dinner—living upon such scantiness as bread and tea. I have sold the coat from my back, the shirt from my body, to supply daily wants; but I have never been charged, never been guilty of dishonesty. I have worked hard on the shelves of the Inner Temple library. There are books there of which I am the author, which I have presented to the library, of much more value than the odd volume which has formed the subject of this charge against me. I have done all that mortal man could do to obtain an honest and honorable livelihood. The character I have maintained as a man of honor now being cut from under me, I can never again associate with gentlemen, and I shall be only too glad if your lordship will inflict upon me the full meed of punishment within your power, in the hope that before the extent of it has elapsed I may find a felon's grave, that repose which I have vainly sought in the pursuit of life."

The judge said he would disregard the plea of the prisoner against mitigation of his sentence, and, in addition to being disabled, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

This incident has produced a very painful impression. A good reputation acquired by thirty years of toil has crumbled in a moment; and how many others among these gentlemen who through the inn of the court, but never appear with briefs in the courts of justice, are at this moment hovering between the crime of Weightman and the starvation of his friend? In his address to the court this barrister showed himself a man of ability. His manner was simple, his voice impressive, and he moved the court. All around him sat lawyers who have gained success and wealth, who were evidently inferiors of this one, who, having written books said to be learned and useful, ruins himself for ten shillings. Perhaps if he had only been a deep and ingenious fellow he might have stolen decorously pounds instead of shillings, and gained fame instead of disgrace. Family pride in England is often shown to be a luxury in which the poor cannot safely indulge. When, a few years ago, the Duke of Argyll placed one of his sons in the wine business—a course he might possibly not have ventured on if he had foreseen that another son would wed a princess—many persons hoped that the precedent would be followed by others, and that many youths would be prevented from abandoning their real occupations for professions for which they had no fitness. But we cannot see any diminution in the rush to the inns and medical colleges; though it is likely that when the study of law implies something more than the means of eating and paying for so many dinners in the temple, we shall at least hear of some of these fine gentlemen being "plucked" on the hard and dry examinations which are being prepared for them.

MAKING EACH OTHER MISERABLE.

As if there were not troubles enough in this world that come upon men without human design, people set themselves to diminish happiness and increase misery. Phenologists tell us that there is in man an organ and faculty of destructiveness—that, when unregulated, it inspires cruelty; that it is the root of that horrible pleasure which the old Romans had, and their modern descendants still have, in murderous gladiatorial shows, bull-fights, contests of wild beasts, etc.

But there runs through modern civilized society a vein of the same quality. People that would faint to see a gush of blood, and who think themselves Christians, have a lively enjoyment in witnessing pain, and cultivate the art of inflicting it. The mention of a few of the methods employed will make good my remarks. The delight with which many report bad news; the eagerness with which they report to people evil sayings, which cannot butacerate the feelings, show a morbid love of suffering. This is not the trait of villainous natures. It is not anomalous, because it is so widely extended as to seem natural.

Some people scatter pain-producing elements thoughtlessly, and are surprised and sorry when they witness the suffering produced. Others do it for momentary pleasure, without meaning any serious results. But now and then we find persons who love to torment a victim. They enjoy another's sufferings. It is their happiness to see some one made miserable by their lance-like tongue. They will smile, and talk in low, sweet tones, and shoot out quivering sentences, poison-tipped, and cast a look sideways to see if they strike, and at every sign of pain their face grows bright.

In part, this is a latent ambition. People thus assert their power over others. It raises one in his own estimation to perceive that he can control the moods of another. But there is a still more common exhibition of the love of suffering. It is seen in the ignoble, but universal art of "teasing."

We see it in its most unregulated form, among children, who nip and pinch each other, make faces, twitch each other's clothes, run off with toys, point with insulting fingers, and in a hundred ingenious ways strive to make each other miserable. As they grow up, it often happens that young people carry on a campaign of teasing, each one vying with another which shall be the sharpest.

It does not cease with youth. Grown folks, good-natured, kind-hearted, well-meaning, and full of benevolence, often show this perverse spirit in the midst of all their kindness. By sharp speech, by veiled sarcasm, by exciting curiosity which they will not gratify, by narrating pretended facts, by sinister compliments, by rallying one when circumstances forbid a reply, by equivocal praise, by blunt telling of some truth that had better been left unsaid, and by hundreds of ingenious ways which time would fail to tell, people inflict pain upon each other.

Those who, in the main, are striving to make friends happy, will have one black thread in the web of white. Those who really love each other have a strange fondness for stirring each other up.

There is an innocent and even pleasure-producing method of rallying, which, if done and gracefully done, heightens the enjoyment of society. One may touch a discord if it issues into a true cord. Sometimes when we have good news to tell, we are bewitched with a desire to open the matter as if it were a great trouble that we were about to break. There is a gentle bantering, an innocent arrow-shooting,

which flatters and charms. But life is full of the other sort. If Darwin is right in thinking that men ascended from monkeys by gradual evolution, then it is very certain that some men came by the way of the mosquito, the flea and the biting fly, and that their ancestral traits still linger in the blood.

DRUNKENNESS IN THE ARMY.

The War Office have presented to the House of Commons a curious return of the sum which has accrued from the imposition of fines for drunkenness in the army since the introduction of that penalty in July, 1869, and a statement of the various modes and amounts in which that sum has been disposed of. In an army circular, issued in 1873, it was announced by the Secretary of State that the general fund which had been formed since the previous year from the fines inflicted upon soldiers for the crime of drunkenness should be appropriated to the purpose of granting gratuities to well-conducted soldiers on discharge from the army. The scale of gratuities was apportioned according to the soldier's rank (private or corporal), his period of service (first or second), his good-conduct badge, and the lapse of time previous to his discharge since he was recorded as guilty of drunkenness; the gratuity, however, not exceeding £3, except in the case of a soldier who had been sober for ten consecutive years of service. By these arrangements the sober men are rewarded for their good conduct, not directly by the State, but by their drunken comrades, whose private vices become public benefits. The penalty is ingenious and merciful, and calculated perhaps to impress a military drunkard's imagination quite as forcibly as a more severe infliction. The figures of the return are somewhat eccentric. In the year 1869-70 the drunkards paid not less than £13,262 14s. 3d.; yet out of that considerable sum only £22 11d. were disbursed by way of rewards for sobriety and good conduct. The disproportion is portentous, and one is tempted to ask the question whether the soldiers who had not contributed to the drunkards' fund, or received anything out of it, were all sober or well-conducted, or the reverse. Were they men of a Laocoean character, neither drunk nor sober, neither good nor bad? In 1870-71, however, the disproportion, though still very great, is less startling. £17,904 6s. 8d. were paid by drunkards; £1,520 6s. 11d. were disbursed to sober and well-conducted men. In 1871-72 the drunkards' fund shows a decided increase; £21,106 2d. were paid by them, and £5,861 2s. 5d. were distributed among the sober possessors of good-conduct badges. There remained at the beginning of the present year a balance of £48,852 12s. 3d. to the credit of the sober and well-conducted, who, it may be hoped, will present themselves in future years in sufficient numbers to reduce the total of receipts, and to point a somewhat more satisfactory moral of the next return.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

GLYCERINE has lately been employed with success as a solvent for aniline colors, in dyeing cotton, wool and silk.

RECENT experiments in England by Mr. W. H. Johnson indicate that the immersion of iron and steel in acids lessens the toughness and increases the weight of those metals.

AT OSNABRUCK, Germany, the slag from the iron works is granulated by running the molten stream into water from a sufficient height, after the manner of making shot. The granulated slag is used for making concrete, and as ballast-material on railways.

A FRENCH commission of scientific men has declared that absinthe should not be sold except under the same restrictions as control the sale of other poisons. The volatile oil of this liquor causes intoxication, with epileptic symptoms, and is pronounced poisonous.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* states that a waterfall two thousand feet high has been discovered in British Guiana by Mr. Charles Barrington Brown, the government surveyor of that colony. In 1870 the great Kaieteur Fall, 370 feet wide and 750 feet high, was discovered there by the same gentleman, who has rendered many services to geographical science.

ACCORDING to a statement lately made in the British Parliament by the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the coal fields of China cover an area of four hundred thousand square miles, over thirty thousand of which the beds vary in thickness from twelve to thirty feet. The product is described as equal to the best Cardiff coal. The extent of the English coal fields is only about twelve thousand square miles.

SENNA COFFEE.—It may not be generally known that the disagreeable taste of infusion of senna may be completely removed by the addition of coffee in its preparation.

For a full dose, take a teaspoonful (say 1 oz.) of senna leaves, a heaped teaspoonful (say 2 drachms) of freshly parched and ground coffee, and boiling water a sufficient quantity to make a teaspoonful (say four fluid ounces) of infusion—sleep till of sufficient strength.

To the infusion prepared, add milk and sugar to taste. The drink will be quite acceptable to adults, and not disagreeable to children.

FURTHER observations on the duration and multiple character of flashes of lightning, by

Prof. Orden N. Eood of Columbia College, appear in a late number of *Silliman's Journal*. He concludes that the nature of the lightning discharge is more complicated than has generally been supposed, and that it is usually, if not always, multiple in character; that is, each flash is made up of a number of apparently instantaneous electrical discharges. The duration of these isolated constituents varies from intervals of time shorter than one sixteen-hundredth of a second up to others as great as one-twentieth of a second.

A **PAPYRUS** which was discovered a few months ago in a tomb in Egypt has recently been fully translated by a profound scholar of Heidelberg. He finds it to be an allocation of **Rameses III.** "to his people and all men on earth," recounting the great deeds done in the days of his father and grandfather. The discovery is a valuable one for Biblical students, as the royal writer gives with particular details all the causes which led to the downfall of the Mosais reform and the exodus of the Jews. There is apparently no doubt at all about the authenticity of the MS., which is large, well-written, and well-preserved.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A **HALF-SOVEREIGN** some thirty years ago was not uncommonly known as a "goldfinch."

A **LEIPZIG** bookseller calculates that 861,000,000 copies of Luther's translation of the Bible have been printed from the beginning to the present.

A **KENTUCKY** man has carefully preserved for twenty-seven years the bouquet Jenny Lind held in her hand at one of her concerts in Louisville.

THE **malt tax in England** last year amounted to over \$38,000,000, or about \$1.25 per head for every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom.

THE **resident population in the United Kingdom in the middle of 1872** was estimated at 31,858,933; that of England and Wales amounting to 23,074,600; of Scotland, to 3,397,625; and of Ireland, to 5,386,708.

A **BEAUTIFUL** young girl was married in San Francisco last week, and at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony she turned to her husband, and said: "George, kiss me; I am dying." The husband complied with the request, and at that moment the young bride fell dead on the floor.

EVIL'S APPLE-TREE.—The island of Ceylon abounds in vegetable curiosities, not the least singular of which is a tree called "Evil's apple-tree." The color of the fruit is very striking and beautiful, being orange on the outside and deep crimson within, and it presents the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. It is also a deadly poison. These two facts have caused it to receive the name of "forbidden fruit," or "Evil's apple-tree." The Mohammedans considered Ceylon as the site of Paradise.

ACCORDING to the last census of the United States, there were eleven States whose manufactured products exceeded \$100,000,000, as shown by the following table:

States.	Annual Products.
New York.....	\$783,194,651
Pennsylvania.....	711,894,344
Massachusetts.....	553,912,568
Ohio.....	289,713,610
Missouri.....	206,213,429
Illinois.....	205,620,673
New Jersey.....	169,237,732
Connecticut.....	161,685,474
Michigan.....	118,394,678
Rhode Island.....	111,418,354
Indiana.....	108,617,278
Total.....	\$3,441,232,788

DAYLIGHT FIREWORKS.—The Japanese have fireworks made expressly to be "let off" by daylight. The following description of them is taken from an account of a recent festival in the *Phoenix Herald*.—"The second day was occupied with exhibitions of the ingenious daylight fireworks, of the manufacture of which the Japanese seem to be the sole masters. As usual, these consisted mostly of bombs, which, exploding high in the air, discharged sometimes various colored jets of smoke, and sometimes cleverly-folded packages of wire and paper, which unfolded themselves into parachutes of great bulk and symmetrical design. They were sometimes fish, which swam leisurely through the atmosphere to the ground; or snakes, which writhed themselves away over the tree-tops; or great birds, which hovered kite-like and motionless for an incredibly long time. Occasionally they took the shape of cottages, temples, human beings, magnified crabs of Delos, trees, and flowers—almost anything which a lively imagination could suggest. The smoke figures, however, were the most amusing. One of the most frequently attempted was a catfish with a body of thick fuliginous black and arms of lighter hues. Of course the fashion was very brief, the wind not allowing the smoke to remain undisturbed for more than a few seconds, but while it lasted it was perfect."

RIBBON VINEGAR.—Pick the stalks, chop them fine, and drain off the juice, to every quart of the juice, allow three of water and one pound of sugar; add the mother from vinegar, and put the whole in a clean cask; set it in a warm place until soured.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

One of the most important rules in science of manners is an absolute silence in regard to yourself.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

A **MOTHER** has no right to bring up a daughter without teaching her how to keep a house, and if she has an intelligent regard for her daughter's happiness will not do it.

THE mere presence and assemblage of women is nothing without the charm of refinement; knowledge, vivacity, power and inspiration; and these are not born in a day, and seldom come till middle and mature life, as experience becomes profound and feelings deep, when flippancy is not mistaken for wit, nor impertinence or gallantry.

THE very darkest day wears at length to evening, and it is of no avail to bide meantime the slow-paced hours. It is a beneficent provision of nature that we cannot grieve perpetually, if we would. The keener the pain, perhaps, the sooner its intensity is worn out. Our best-beloved dies, and we think our life has been buried in that grave. But the flowers do not grow on it more surely, under the rains and dews of Summer, than do little buds of new interests and fresh hopes spring from the parched soil of our hearts. The cherished grace of the dead day may never come back, but the new day has still twenty-four hours in it, and each of those hours, if we do its work faithfully, is a minister of consolation.

IN social life, we reap that which we sow, and society is often to us but a reflection of our own nature. The selfish or proud, or cold or jealous disposition, suffers annoyance, disappointment and pain from the same sources which bring love and joy to the heart of the gentle and kind. Every characteristic has a magnetism by which it draws its like to itself, unfolding from others that which is in sympathy with itself, and thus perpetuating and recreating it. There are no blessings which may not be changed into evils, no trials or sufferings that may not be transformed into blessings. Temptation brings ruin to one, and strength to another; not by its innate power, but by simply evolving the character that is tried. Pleasure is a poison to one, and a healthful refreshment to another. The same privileges, the same discipline, will cause one to rise to heights of virtue, and another to sink into weakness and shame. Our welfare and our woe do not arise chiefly from without, but from within. The world is but the reflection of the soul. Life is the history, not of events, but of mind, not of situations, but of character.

FAMILY MATTERS.

VEAL POT-PIE.—Boil the veal, and proceed exactly as for chicken pot-pie.

APPLICATION FOR CHILBLAINS.—Two parts oxide zinc; one part tannic acid; ten parts glycerine; eight parts balsam Peru; four parts camphor; to be applied night and morning.

VEAL CUTLETS.—Trim free from fat, slices of nice veal, beat up the yolks of eggs, and mix in rolled cracker or rasped bread, and season with pepper and salt; roll the cutlets in the preparation, and fry gently in butter, without burning, until thoroughly cooked. Serve with the sliced butter remaining in the spider.

TINCTURE FOR CHLORIDE OF IRON FOR CORNS.—Dr. C. Barber states (*Lyon Medicale*) that he has cured three cases of corns on the toes by the application of a drop of the tincture of chloride of iron applied on the corns night and morning. This application was continued for fifteen days in one case, when the corns from which the patient had suffered for thirty or forty years were entirely destroyed, and pressure on the part gave not the least uneasiness.

VEAL PIE.—Prepare a plain paste, cover a deep plate with it, set it in the oven until baked. Have ready veal that has been parboiled, cut in small bits, lay the meat on the crust, until it is evenly full, put in each pie a piece of butter as large as the bowl of a tablespoon, broken in small bits, a little salt and pepper, a spoonful of flour, and a little of the broth in which the veal was boiled. Put on the top crust, which should be made rather thicker than the bottom, and rolled thin. Bake immediately in a quick oven. Serve with potatoes, and any other dressed vegetables; sponge-cake, or any other cake pudding is a proper dessert.

BOLLEO MILLS TO REDUCE COFFEE.—Never weaken coffee by adding boiling water, a teaspoonful will spoil a whole boiler. When the coffee is desired with less strength, reduce with hot milk, or cream. Some are fond of coffee, but and it disagrees with them, such persons would find the following rule useful. Fill the cup two-thirds full of milk, boiling hot; sugar to taste, and half the space left in the cup fill with strong coffee. When cream cannot be had, the yolks of eggs, beaten to a froth, and stirred gradually into milk, in the proportion of three to a pint, is a good substitute; pour the milk and egg in

the cup, and stir with a spoon while filling with coffee.

CURRENT VINEGAR.—To make a barrel, mash two bushels of currants, press out the juice, and wash the pulp free from the acid of the fruit in filtered rain-water; put the juice in a barrel; add to the water in which the pulp was washed, two gallons of molasses; dissolve it thoroughly, and pour it in the barrel; add sufficient rain-water to make the barrel three-quarters full. Stir into one gallon of water a teaspoon of hop yeast, and add it to the other ingredients. If the vinegar is not needed until winter, omit the yeast. Set the barrel in the sun, and place in the bung-hole a junk bottle. The next fall add eight gallons of soft rain-water, which will make the barrel full of vinegar; shake the barrel, while turning, every day.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

GYPSUM or plaster may be applied to corn either before or at the time of planting, or it may be scattered on the plants after they are up.

BREEDING as well as muscles are required on the farm. This is getting to be more and more the case every year with the introduction of more and better machinery.

CULTIVATING corn and potatoes costs more than most farmers realize. We should use the best cultivators, and do the work carefully, thoroughly and frequently.

HORSES are required to work very hard this month. Feed liberally, and be very careful to clean them after the day's work is done, so that they will get a good, comfortable night's rest.

SHEEP should have all the hay they will eat at this season. The grass is very succulent, and is apt to produce scours. Bring the sheep into the yards during storms, but be careful that the yards and sheds are dry and clean. Keep the sheep carefully tagged.

Cows until turned out to grass should have good hay, and three or four quarts of bran, and one or two quarts of corn-meal per day; and it would be well to continue the bran and meal, mixed with a peck of cut hay, for a week or two after the cows are turned to grass.

HORSES ARE CHEAPER THAN MEN.—Some learned ignoramus has said that a horse requires for his support the produce of five times as much land as a man. It is not true—unless you feed the man on hay and oats! Steam is cheaper than horses, and horses are cheaper than men, for the simple reason that coal is cheaper than hay and oats, and hay and oats are cheaper than beef, mutton, pork, butter, cheese and bread.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA possesses probably the most accessible climate than can be found where the fruits of the temperate and torrid zones grow side by side. Here in the open air are oranges, lemons, limes and pomegranates, and other fruits of this description, while contiguous to them may be seen the apple, pear and peach—the latter almost indigenous to the soil. Grapes are grown in large fields covering sometimes hundreds of acres, and cultivated almost as corn with us, without the aid of stakes or trellises. The orange and similar trees are non-deciduous, and always retain their brilliant foliage.

BARN COLLARS BEST.—Whether 'tis better to use the space beneath the barn as stables or as a receptacle for the manure from the stables on the floor above—that is the question. One farmer thinks the cost of a cellar for manure alone is not warranted by the results in profit and less account, and another not only refuses to do without his cellar for this purpose, but thinks the deeper it is the better. The one advocates the throwing of the manure out of the windows, or toting it into the barn-yard with wheelbarrows. The other considers his manure pile a bank of deposit to which every scrap that can be gathered with a miser's care may be carried and accumulated, and on which drafts may be made that are certain to be honored in the shape of rich fields and a bursting granary. He not only digs a cellar 10 feet deep, but cements the bottom to make it proof against a hog's snout, and turns into it a score of these indefatigable creatures, which leave no straw unturned that covers a stray grain of corn or particle of meal. These laborers never strike, save for a fresh lot of manure, which they soon reduce to the finest condition. They desire no wages, no holidays, work wet or dry; though they grunt, they never grumble, and in the end put money in their employer's purse. On the whole, this is regarded as a great argument in favor of barn collars.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

NATURE'S tailoring.—A potato patch. It is a good suggestion that people who advertise on fences mix a little spelling with their paint.

THE *Graphic* asks, "What's in a name?" and answers that Bar-Jonah never owned a barge in his life.

CARAMEL SPENCER'S message is what a Sioux City Telegraph operator made out of cerebral spinal meningitis.

THERE will be a great rush to the University of Michigan. The very first female graduate of that institution has just married one of her classmates.

A **STOCK LIBERTINE** said, "Doctor, I suffer the pains of the damned." "You may think so now," responded the physician, "but wait a bit, and you'll know better."

A **MAN** in Camden attempted to leap to the ground from a garret window with a parachute. His widow has no earthly use for the parachute, and it will be traded for a good second-hand gravestone with the name of Smith on it.

A **LITTLE** boy asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light, "No, my child," said the doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish, then," replied the boy, "you were hung at the end of the alley, for it is a very dark one."

BARON ALDERSON, learned, gentle and good, could make puns, and had much drollery. A jurymen once said that he was deaf in one ear. "Well, then," said Alderson, "you may leave the box, for it is necessary that a jurymen should hear both sides."

An old lady visited a travelling circus. She was delighted in every respect but one. Speaking of the proprietor, she said, "He has everything in his show that is on the bills but the hippodrome. I wonder where he keeps his hippodrome? Is it dead?"

A **GENTLEMAN** who had left his wife alone at the theatre on Saturday night, while he went out to get a whiff of fresh air "apologized" on his return. "Dear me," said she, "I thought you went out to give me a chance to flirt with that man with the black moustache." She has had no cause to complain of want of attention from her husband since.

OUR FUZZLER.

74. CHARADE.

My first is attached to your head;
My second belongs to your hand;
I think, what to my first adds a grace;
And my whole you may soon understand, S. R.

75. CROSS PUZZLE.

1. This is an animal, you'll find.
2. Another one this brings to mind.
3. This is what you did yesterday.
4. A town in Ireland's this, I say.
5. With FAVORITE I'm this, I own.
6. This plainly tells an English town.
7. This is a portion of your frame.
8. A color this will surely name.
9. A poem this, you'll clearly see.
So please to find the same for me.
These form a cross; the centrais show
What you're with THE FAVORITE, I trow.

76. CLASSICAL MENTAL PICTURE.

A great conqueror besieged and captured a maritime city of Phoenicia. During the assault nearly all the inhabitants were slain, and those who escaped were afterwards put to death upon crosses fixed by the sea-side.

77. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A lacteous beverage behold;
Much prized by country folk, I'm told.
2. A sweet songster now I name;
Pretty, lively, clever, tame.
3. A Greek writer of ancient fame;
Letters nine compose his name.
4. A river of Spain appears in view,
Noted for its curious hue.
5. A metal often thought a prize;
Its value great in miner's eyes!

My initials and initials, downwards read,
Will name two authors, and both of them dead.

MYNDE.

78. LETTER PUZZLE.

The following words, in the order named, will form three plain capital letters—the well-known initials of a poetess. The initials of these letters name three famous poets.

1. Grief, writhed; a circle; a knock; the time of light; a convulsive sigh; rainy; ancient; the spine; eminent ability; uproar.
2. An odious sea-weed; belonging to winter; expenditure; to disfigure; a predicament; moltonious; a hill; frequently; hateful; redemption; excessive self-love.
3. Decay; a nocturnal carnivorous bird; to bend; a measure; to stoil; a metal; an unexpanded flower; a kind of vase; a deep mountain pass; according to law; an evening party.

79. LOGOGRIPEL.

If you six hundred take,
And nothing add thereto,
A fish you'll see, of letters three,
If rightly placed by you.

GEORGINA.

83. GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADES.—1. Dun-dee (Dundee). 2. Don-cast-er (Dopcaster). 3. Hunt-ington (Huntingdon). 4. Pap-yow-a (Papua). 5. Trip-on-ile (Tripoli).

84. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Egyptian Pyramids—Colossus at Rhodes. 1. Empress. 2. Gladstone. 3. Yarb. 4. Potato. 5. Teignmouth. 6. Inventor. 7. Antagonist. 8. Nicotiana. 9. Paris. 10. Ubiquity. 11. Robert Burns. 12. Alps. 13. Michael Angelo. 14. Instrumental. 15. Douro. 16. Scorpio.

85. VARIATION.—Rollandshire.
ANSWERED CORRECTLY—Nos. 6 and 62, by J. H.

WINTER.

BY J. W. THIRLWALL.

Winter is shaking his feathers of snow, From his outspread wings o'er the world below. And the wind is moaning ever; Moaning and shivering as if 'twere cold, Time slowly creeps, as if grown old, And the naked forests quiver.

The snow had fallen upon my head, From the winter of years that has o'er me sped. And care like the wind is plying; And every day becomes more bold, While friendship halting, waxeth cold, And hope on the waste is dying.

Snow on the valley, and snow on the hill, Snow on the woodland, and ice on the rill, Rude tempests rage and roar, Froezing the earth and each plant on its breast, Fretting to madness the ocean's unrest, 'Tis as if 'twould calm no more.

But the snow will melt from the mountain's head, Sweet blossoms by spring o'er the earth be shed, Seas calm, woods teem with song, And the winter of age find peace and rest, In a far off land amid the blest, Where none can suffer wrong.

For the Favorite.

MRS. BAYLEY'S DINNER PARTY.

BY MRS. C. OHANDLER, OF MONTREAL.

It was a bright sunny morning in spring. Outside the birds were hopping and twittering from bough to bough, and inside Mrs. Bayley was hopping and twittering from room to room. She was a sharp-visaged, bright-eyed, fidgety little woman; her motions were brisk and blythe, reminding one of a bird, for who has not been sometimes struck by the resemblance of an individual to some animal?

Yes; Mrs. Bayley did resemble a bird, and on this particular morning was as busy as any little female robin building her nest, for a remarkable event was about to take place in Mrs. Bayley's hitherto monotonous quiet domicile—she was about to give a dinner party in honor of her son and heir, Timothy Algernon Bayley, who was to reach the age of six years in five days time; and as at each birthday anniversary some celebration of it had been struggled for by the fond mother, but never effected, Mrs. Bayley determined now it should come to pass, and not in a simple way of asking a few friends for the evening, but in a substantial dinner party.

"The Smiths had one lately, and why shouldn't we also," she said to her husband, Mr. Bayley, a tall, thin, placid looking man, who appeared old enough to be the father of his little wife.

"We are not as well off as the Smiths, my dear," he replied, "and we do not live in the same style as they do."

"I don't see that, Mr. Bayley. We have everything pretty good, and I will hire a man for the evening, and whatever is required I will get. I shall manage matters so that it shall be a nice affair and will scarcely cost anything. I will get a cheaper spring suit than I intended before, which will cover expenses."

"Have your own way, my dear," said her meek spouse; "but I certainly do not like the idea of it, and hope you will not be sorry for it."

"Oh! not likely, Mr. Bayley. As I have got your consent, I can set to work rapidly," and the little woman fitted out, and was soon "up to her eyes in wick," as she elegantly expressed herself.

In the first place, there was the spring cleaning to be done. Two helps were engaged to accelerate matters, and from morning till night there was nothing but peeping, beating of carpets, and splashing of soap-suds to be heard through the place. Mr. Bayley, when at home, took himself off to his little smoking-room at the top of the house, and begged not to be disturbed, and as he could give no instruction whatever in household matters, it was of no use troubling him.

As soon as the house-cleaning was terminated, Mrs. Bayley became in a greater state of perplexity as to how she should carry through the momentous affair she had undertaken in the most approved and à la mode style. All the most modern cooking-books were bought and overlooked, and Mrs. Bayley and Bridget consulted together as to the courses, entrées, &c., until they were bewildered.

Master Timothy was constantly shut up in the nursery by himself to get him out of the way, which he did not at all approve of, nor did he appear to appreciate the honor which was to be conferred upon him, for he kicked at the door and shouted, and was altogether very obstreperous, having to be quieted by sundry slaps and shakes, and finally pacified with such quantities of jam and bread that he was ill the whole night before the expected party, much to Mrs. Bayley's discomfiture.

Thus matters stood on this bright May morning in Rose Cottage. Why it here that same I

can't tell, as there were no roses to be seen anywhere, but it might have been so called because Mrs. Bayley, at the time of Mr. Bayley's purchasing it, some years before, had laid plans in her brain of gardens of roses, which were to eclipse every other garden in the vicinity, but those plans had not been brought out yet, nor were they likely to be, for Mrs. Bayley was too bird-like and fluttering to be steady at anything that required patience.

The eventful afternoon came. Mrs. Bayley went to lay the table herself, as she thought she could do it better than Bridget. As soon as she raised one side of the heavy flap of the dinner-table (for they did not have a telescope table), it having not been used for a long time previous, they having few friends to entertain, it was found that the bar which sustained it was broken off, and the table could not be increased.

"What shall we do, Bridget?" said Mrs. Bayley, almost in tears. "It is too late to send for a joiner to mend it. What shall I do?"

"There's nobody else but me, ma'am; all the others are gone out."

"Oh, dear! that is too bad. You know nothing of attending around a table, I'm sure. However, Bridget, the girl, will show you what to do, and—"

But here came an interruption of a vigorous peal at the door-bell, and Mrs. Bayley, feeling very red in the face, fluttered out to receive her guests, all smiles and chirps, as if nothing had happened to disturb her serenity that day.

First came the Smiths, all important—Mrs. Smith, fat and pompous; Miss Smith, all lace and ribbons, and Mr. Smith, stiff and starched as his white muslin cravat, which he always wore, despite of the change of fashion. Then came the Joneses and Selbys and Mrs. Bayley's cousins, two stiff old spinsters, who were not particularly interesting for a dinner party, but whom Mrs. Bayley did not like to offend, for they had a little money, and there was a hope of a legacy some day.



"GRANDPAPA'S DARLING."

"Oh! I know, ma'am," cried Bridget, overjoyed at the idea occurring to her; "there's them two pots of the old bedstead in the shed. I will saw them to the height and they will look like feet."

"Well done, Bridget," said Mrs. Bayley, as her "maid of all work" came in, laden with the pots, and placing them under the table, found they fitted exactly.

"But they may be pushed aside, Bridget," suggested Mrs. Bayley.

"I'll manage that, ma'am," and Bridget was soon hammering sundry pieces of wood around the feet on the floor, but not giving a thought that a little like security might be required at the top under the flap.

However, all was arranged to their entire satisfaction. The table glittered with cut glass, although the pattern was a little diversified.

"That did not signify at all," Mrs. Bayley said.

The dining-table groaned with vases of roses, as well as the parlor. What mattered that they were only paper roses?

"They looked just as pretty as natural," Bridget said, as she and Mrs. Bayley stood off a little distance to admire them.

The evening arrived. Mrs. Bayley was resplendent in a magenta poplin with black lace trimmings. Master Timothy was very smart in a new blue suit and gold buttons (he said). Bridget had actually combed her hair into smoothness, and looked quite natty with her little white apron and pink ribbon.

The confectionery came in; but, alas! much to Mrs. Bayley's horror, instead of a man who was comfitant, a raw, uncouth boy was sent.

"I don't wish you, my boy," said Mrs. Bayley. "Go back and tell them to send me a man who knows his business."

In came all the guests almost at the same time, for they were punctual to the seven o'clock mentioned in the invitation. After all the guests were seated in solemn stillness around the parlor, Mr. Bayley came gliding in very softly and shook hands around with a quiet resigned air, which said as plainly as words: "I am going through an ordeal which I am trying to bear patiently."

A few attempts were made in conversation, which quickly dropped, and silence ensued, which was broken by the ringing of a bell and the opening of the folding doors, displaying the welcome dinner-table.

It is astonishing how the sight of dinner brightens up individuals. The gentlemen rose briskly, and offered their arms in proper style to the ladies, and smiles and conversation began.

They were all soon seated, fifteen in number, and the dinner went on smoothly. However, soon the current changed. Bridget could not be seen. Mrs. Bayley grew fidgety. She called the boy, and whispered to bring in the entrées.

He started off, and, much to her amusement, handed round oranges. Mrs. Bayley turned pale, and beckoned the "monster" (as she called him to herself) to come to her.

"Carry those back, Joe, and Bridget will tell you what to bring."

"Bridget isn't there. The little boy threw all the turkey gravy over his clothes, and he's gone to change 'em."

This he delivered loud enough to be heard half way round the table.

There were suppressed utters around, and Mrs. Bayley, feeling as if she would have been glad to have escaped through a trap-door in the floor, begged to be excused a moment, rose and went out to inspect matters. She soon returned, look-

ed and uneasy, and resumed her seat. Bridget came back to her post, and the dinner went on better.

With the puddings and pies came in Master Timothy, looking greasy in spite of all that Bridget could do. As the Bayleys were temperance people, no toast could be drunk, but kisses and "happy returns" went round, which the young "lion" of the day did not seem to care for, for all his thoughts were intent on the pudding.

Sented on one of the young ladies' knees, Master Tim began to chat away quite familiarly. "Do you see that boy there? That is the boy who brings us bread. Ma cut him to-day to help."

At this Mrs. Bayley tried to stop her hopeful son in his confidences, but to no purpose, for his disclosures became so important that at last Bridget was summoned and Master Timothy began off screaming.

Mrs. Bayley turned the color of a peony, and felt far from comfortable, while her placid helpmate looked as peaceful and contented as ever, chatting with his neighbor, Mr. Simpkins. The two cousins tossed their heads and looked quite disgusted. They all seemed weary, and commenced to shuffle about in their chairs.

Mr. Jones, who had been sitting in rather a confined position, moved his legs to make himself more easy, when, coming in contact with the false legs of the table, he gave them a great shove, and, alas! there was a crash—down came the flap, and all the dishes came tumbling down, along with glasses, vases and candlesticks.

There was a simultaneous rise of every one round the table.

There were exclamations from some and peals of laughter from others.

Mr. Bayley was roused from his apathy for once in his life, and said, "This is terrible," the greatest exclamation he had ever been known to make.

As for Mrs. Bayley, after casting a distracted look around, and finding nothing could be done, she fell back in violent hysterics, and was borne away from the room.

The guests, finding that the confusion was more than could be repaired that evening, put on their things and withdrew, and the spinster cousins were heard to say:

"It serves Maria Bayley right for being such a fool as to give a dinner party; she should have left that to her better."

Which speech, being overheard by Bridget, was of course brought to Mrs. Bayley for her comfort.

It was the first and last dinner party Mrs. Bayley ever gave. She would not go anywhere, saying she felt disgraced, and never let her husband know noose until he sold Rose Cottage and they unconsoled themselves in a barren-looking place in the other part of the city. And then Mrs. Bayley thought it advisable to send her young reprobate, Master Timothy, to a stricter hand than hers, and he was placed in a boarding-school, but it was some time before Mrs. Bayley forgot that unlucky day, and returned to her bird-like briskness and blitheness.

HABITS OF READING.

All young people read a good deal now; but I do not see that a great deal comes of it. They think they have to read a good many newspapers, and a good many magazines. They are very entertaining. But it is not always certain that the reader gets from them just what he needs. On the other hand, it is certain that people who only read the current papers and magazines get very little good from each other's society, because they are all fed with just the same intellectual food. You hear them repeat to each other the things they have all read in the "Daily Trumpet" and the "Saturday Woodpecker." I see no objection, however, to light reading, desultory reading; the reading of news-papers or the reading of fiction—if you take enough ballast with it, so that the light kites, as the sailors call them, may not carry your ship over in some sudden gale. The principle of sound habits of reading, if reduced to a precise rule, comes out thus: that for each hour of light reading—of what we read for amusement—we ought to take another hour of reading for instruction or improvement. Nor have I any objection to stating the rule backward, for that is a poor rule that will not work both ways. It is, I think, true that, for every hour we give to grave reading, it is well to give a corresponding hour to what is light and amusing. Now a great deal more is possible under this rule than you boys and girls think at first. Some of the best students in the world—who have advanced their affairs furthest in their particular lines—have not in practice studied more than two hours a day. Walter Scott, except when he was gnawed to death, did not work more. Dr. Howditch translated the great "Mécanique Céleste" in less than two hours' daily labor. But then it was regular as the movements of the planets if it was not. It did not stop, for whim, or by accident, more than Jupiter stops in his orbit because a holiday comes round.

The following is an epitaph to be found in the church at Great Woodford, Warwickshire:—

"Here old John Randall lies, Ale was his meat, Ale was his drink, Ale did his heart revive, And if he could have drank his ale, He still had been alive!"